THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LXVI No 28 -- E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor. NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, JUNE 7th, 1927. $1.50 per year in advance

Historical Society

A Trial Will Convince!

"SALADA" TEA

ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

T24

Is not equalled by any other tea.

FOR SALE—One hundred acre farm, five miles from Picton on county road, close to church, school and cheese factory. Good buildings, good land, spring watered pasture, about six acres of wood. Price reasonable. Apply to IRVIN UNGER, Elmbrook, Ont. 45-tf

DECORATING

Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.

FRED RUSSELL

'Phone 406. East Street.

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Robiin.

A number of compaines to choose from.

Office : Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

Surveying and Engineering

T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.

Ontario Land Surveyor. Municipal Engineering. Drainage Engineering. Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.

NAPANEE, ONT.

John Street, South of Paisley House. 'Phone 385. Box 139. 15tf

THE

Belleville Nurseries!

—for—

ROSES

All kinds of Roses ready now.

Plant early for best results

W. C. REID,

179 Dundas St.

BELLEVILLE - ONT.

14

MILLINERY

Ladies' and Misses' Hats

Silk, Straw, Silk and Straw Combinations—all shades including Black—a special purchase.

Value $6.90

SALE PRICE $3.90

Scarfs

Crepe de Chene, Georgette and Silk in new designs

$1.50, $2.50, and $3.75

Hosiery

Ask to see our Green Stripe Silk Stockings.

DOXSEE & CO.

The Leading Millinery House

Father's Day

Sunday, June 19th

It's Dad's Turn. Give him a NEW TIE and say, "Many Happy returns Dad." Watch him smile.

The Latest Novelty Black Bottom Bow Ties.

W.W.ADAMS

Merchant Tailor. Men's and Boys' Wear

Newburgh, - Ont.

Rum, Honey and Tamarac Balsam is the best preparation we know of for stubborn coughs and colds. 35c. a bottle at Wallace's.

FOR SALE—Rubber tired buggy. PAUL'S GARAGE.

WANTED—A capable maid. Apply to MRS. W. H. HUNTER, John St. 28-ap

FOR SALE—Family driving mare, suitable for third horse. PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE — General purpose mare in foal PAUL'S GARAGE.

FOR SALE—Shortening, 2 lbs. for 25c. Come and get it in any quantity you wish. Now! FRANK H. PERRY, Phone 130.

HELP WANTED—Young man or boy with high school education. Apply BELLEVILLE CREAMERIES, Limited, Napanee, Ont. 27-b

WANTED—A spot cash bargain in house and lot. Any good location in town. Price between $1500 and $2500. Box 630, Napanee.

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Complete carbonating plant, Carbonator, bottle washer, foot lever machines, filter, crocks, motor, bottles, cases, etc. Apply JOSEPH McCOURT, Cornwall, Ont. 28-cp

FOR SALE—Southeast quarter of Lot Number eight, in the fourth concession of Richmond, owned by Percy Snyder, 50 acres. Known as part Nelson Russell Farm. Apply T. B. GERMAN, Napanee, Ont. 43

FOR SALE—Brick House, corner of Bridge and East Streets. Electric lights, bath furnace, good well at door, good cellar. Brick barn. Suitable for an apartment house, good garden. Apply on premises to MRS. W. J. NORMILE. 26-cf

FOR SALE—Medium sized, two storey brick dwelling on East street. Electric lights, furnace and waterworks. Large barn and stable. Geed well at door. Also good building lot adjoining. Will sell at a bargain. Apply to PAUL'S GARAGE, Dundas street, Napanee. Phone 198.

Rubber Tired Buggies

at the Right Price

C. H. SPENCER, Napanee.

27-b

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

Tenders for No. 1 Municipal Drainage Scheme, Township of North Fredericksburgh.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed "Tenders for Drainage," and addressed to M. A. Sills, Esq., township Clerk, R. R. No. 3, Napanee, Ont., will be received up to 12 noon 20th next for the work of excavation. Estimated cost of excavation, $965.00.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

All information may be had at the office of M. A. Sills, Tp. Clerk, Gretna, Ont., or at the office of T. H. WIGGINS, Engineer, John St., South of Paisley House, Napanee, Ont. 28-b

REAL ESTATE

John Thompson farm, Roblindale section, about 110 acres; J. W. Graham, 14 acres, good house and buildings, Slash Road; W. H. Miller farm, 194 acres, 11 miles from Napanee, River Road; Madden property, Napanee, 50 acres; Clayton Garrison farm, 150 acres, 3 miles from Napanee, on Kingston highway; Archie Denison farm, Selby; Mrs. J. A. Parks, good house, 4 acres land, in town; 2 good residences, 11

JOHN WILSON, Napanee.

REAL ESTATE.

Just a few of the bargains we have for sale: A fully modern, solid brick house, 9 rooms, in good repair, good barn or garage. On north side of Dundas street and close in.

100 acre farm, well improved, under good state of cultivation, only two miles from corner Robinson's store. Good loamy soil.

50 acre farm on Prov. Highway. Just fair buildings, good orchard, also strawberries and raspberries, well watered by creek and well. Very reasonable, and on terms if desired. About two miles from town.

T. H. WIGGINS, John Street, South of Paisley House

27

SOFTBALL

Before the largest crowd that ever witnessed a softball game here, the wonderful team of the Toronto Nationals defeated the locla Leafs on Friday by 37-18.

It was a spectacular event from start to finish. In the afternoon the locals had played them at Newburgh, on a very uncertain diamond, and had lost by many diamond, and had lost for many of those doubles which 15-9. The game was well contested all the way. Toronto using three pitchers to stop the heavy hitting locals, while or own slow ball pitchers were going well, and fooling batter after batter. Doris Tomlin opposed Hazel O'Neill at the start, and the Leafs found her delivery much to their liking. She pitches a slow curve ball, not unlike what they meet in their own group, and with the score 7-4 against her, was removed at the end of the third. Then the National's star twirler, Marge Ellerby, took over the mound duties, and was only touched for one run in the three innings she pitched.

At the end of the fifth, Hazel gave way to Dorothy Johnston, who pitched wonderful ball for the remaining four innings, while Thelma Golden replaced Ellerby for Toronto. For both teams the fielding was spectacular, the work of Ivy Hopping in centre field being especially effective.

It was thought therefore that the locals would stand a good chance in their own Armouries in the evening game. The crowd assembled early, six-thirty finding the best seats occupied. At eight the regimental band marched up from the band concert in the park, and played a selection in the Armouries. The two teams lined up on the infield, and the Mayor, Mr. E. J. Roy, made a short address of welcome to the Toronto players, and was replied by Edna Crawford, National's captain. Jack Adams announced, "For Toronto, the Connacher sisters, Nora pitching, Kay catching; for Napanee, Dorothy Johnston pitching, Marion Grass catching. Play Ball !" and the game was on.

It started with Marion Embury pulling in a liner from the bat of Tiny Seymour, and the crowd screamed their approval. Nancy Barr and May Woods got around, then Marion Thain was trapped at the plate. Edna Crawford doubled and scored on Kay Connacher's single ,and Babe Booty went out at the plate. In the locals half the Leafs combined six hits and a walk for five runs, and Napanee took the lead. That ended the Connacher sisters. Elsley and Gault, the battery that took the Nationals right through to the championship in the last season, were facing the locals in the second, and it took four more innings for the locals to reach the star pitcher at all. They got one run in the second and four in the fourth. All this time the champions were outswinging Dorothy Johnston's deceptive slow ball. However ,the Maroons got four in the fourth and six in the fifth, to go into the lead.

Napanee scored their first, the first time this year, was Lillian Wagar, the star pitcher from Deseronto. With the champions commencing to find the shoots of the Napanee ace, who was then finishing her ninth inning of the day, and with a fresh pitcher available with a different ball, the manager thought the time for a change was opportune. The first two Nationals to face Miss Wagar went out, but then they commenced to find the speed of the Deseronto girl exactly to their liking, and commenced hitting. It was due to the crowded bulging that they got all their runs, for many of those doubles which went into the crowd could have easily been handled for the third out on a larger diamond, but as it was, twelve runners crossed the plate.

In the meantime the Leafs had been able to solve Marge Ellerby's delivery, scoring four times in the fifth, so the sensational Thelma Golden took the mound. This pitcher, only fourteen years of age, showed more speed than anyone has seen here since Annie Miller showed her stuff last year. An easy windup, but so fast that the spectators could hardly see the ball, and a hop on it which actually jumped inches as it reached the plate. Five locals obligingly struck out, Marion Grass was the first Napanee batter to connect, then Violet Whitton and Marion Embury both scored.

At that stage reinforcements arrived for the Leafs from Kingston and were at once shot into the battle. Dr. Allen pitched the last inning for the locals, but was wild. In the last of the inning four pinch hitters were up for the Leafs, and each made a hit, to score five times after two were out.

Except for the sixth inning the game was not so one-sided as would have been expected, considering the calibre of the two players, and the whole crowd ,many of whom saw their first game, were delighted.

An encouraging feature of the Nationals' eastern trip was the results of the games they played in Belleville on Saturday. The Beavers, for this game, had imported the famous C.G.E. battery from Peterboro, which is considered the finest in the league. Nationals had orders to save Marge Ellerby for a game in Toronto on their return. So in the afternoon in Belleville Happy Lee faced Doris Tomlin. The game see-sawed along for eight innings, when the famous Babe Vincent relieved Lee. She struck out three Nationals. Doris Tomlin allowed two runs, to put Beaverdale in the lead. Ellerby was sent in to stop the scoring and was successful, but the Nationals were able to touch Vincent for the ninth, and the Beavers won. However in the evening the Peterboro battery started opposing Golden and Gault. Both pitchers battle that anyone could ask for was the result. Nationals got two runs in the first, before Vincent was going right, and scored three times in the sixth, for Belleville errors. That was all the scoring. Thelma Golden let one runner get to third, one to second, and one to first. She allowed two runs across the plate, and struck out the first fifteen batters in a row. She was trying to retire the whole twenty-seven batters to face her, but one Beaver connected with a wild swing, and a double resulted. From then on Golden eased up on strike outs, but actually fielded every ball herself. She struck out two more and retired every other runner at first. She walked two during the game, one of them reaching second on a passed ball.

The Beavers, who are supposed to be strengthened from last year, could not get any runs in nine innings from Golden—the Leafs got eight in four. The Leafs can, therefore, outhit the Beavers.

The teams :

Nationals—Tiny Seymour, rf ; Nancy Barr, 3rd ; May Woods, lf ; Marion Thaine, 1b ; Edna Crawford ,ss ; Kay Connacher, c ; Babe Booty, cf ; "Gerry" Stubensy, 2b ; Nora Connacher, p ; Emily Gault, c ; Marge Ellerby, p ; Thelma Golden, p.

Leafs—Marion Douglas, lf ; Marion Embury, 2b ; Ivy Hopping, cf ; Margaret Douglas, 1b ; Mary Stinson, ss ; Hazel O'Neill, 3b ; Ruth Dickson, rf ; Marion Grass, c ; Dorothy Johnston, p ; Violet Whitton, lf. ss ; M. Allen, cf ; L. Fraser, rf ; I. Embury, 3b ; L. Wagar, p ; H. Pappas, c ; D. Allen, p.

Nationals.. 3 1 0 4 6 12 4 2 5—37
Leafs..... 5 0 0 1 4 0 1 2 5—18

N. Connacher, M. Ellerby, T. Golden, K. Connacher, E. Gault.

D. Johnson, L ,Wagar, D. Allen, M .Grass, H. Pappas.

Umpires—Jack Adams at the plate ; Tommy Clark on the bases.

Chimneys, mantles and all supplies for Aladdin lamps, at Wallace's, Napanee Agents.

MOSCOW.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. (Major) Amey, June 2nd. The chair was occupied by the president, Mrs. (Major) Amey. Plans were made for the district annual meeting, which is to be held on Tuesday June 7th. Mrs. Lampkins gave the current events, which caused much laughter.

Mabel Amey gave a number of old-time selections on his violin, accompanied by Mrs. Amey, which was very much appreciated. At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by the Committee in charge.

Does it pay to feed Dr. Hess' stock or poultry tonic ? Buy a pail of stock food and watch results. We guarantee it to pay for itself at least twice over, or money refunded. This applies when fed to cattle, horses or hogs. Full information at Wallace's, Napanee agents.

NOTICE OF CREDITORS

In the estate of John Edward Griffith.

NOTICE IS given that persons having claims against the estate of John Edward Griffith, farmer, late of the Township of South Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, who died March 16th, 1924, at the said Township of South Fredericksburgh, are required to send full particulars of their claims to the undersigned on or before July 2nd, 1927. After the said date the Administratrix will distribute the assets of the deceased among those entitled, having regard only to those claims of which they shall have notice.

McGIVERIN, HAYDON & EBBS, 19 Elgin St., Ottawa, Solicitors for the Administratrix.

Ottawa, May 20th, 1927. 26-c

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the estate of David Embury Griffith.

NOTICE IS given that persons having claims against the estate of David Embury Griffith, farmer, late of the Township of South Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, who died December 29th, 1913, at the said Township of South Fredericksburgh, are required to send full particulars of their claims to the undersigned on or before July 2nd, 1927. After the said date the Administratrix will distribute the assets of the deceased among those entitled, having regard only to those claims of which theyshall have notice.

McGIVERIN, HAYDON & EBBS, 19 Elgin St., Ottawa, Solicitors for the Administratrix.

Ottawa, May 20th, 1927. 26-c

THE COUNTY COUNCIL

of Lennox and Addington, at call of the Warden, will meet at the Council Chamber, in the Court House, NAPANEE, on

TUESDAY, JUNE 14th, 1927 at 2 p. m.

All accounts must be in the hands of the undersigned not later than Wednesday, June 8th in order that they may be considered.

W. G. WILSON, County Clerk

Dated May 31st, 1927.

CANADA IN WASHINGTON

Home of Minister of the Dominion to the United States, Hon. Vincent Massey. The opening of the legation is one of the marks of Canada's progress in the Jubilee year of Confederation.

CONFEDERATION AND AFTER: SIXTY YEARS OF PROGRESS

WILL GIVE MEDAL TO EVERY SCHOOL CHILD IN CANADA

Lady Willingdon struck the first Confederation Jubilee medal at the mint on Monday morning, May 30th. With her own hands she moved the die that imprinted on the bronze the commemorative words and designs that will go out in a batch of 300 medals to the school children of Yukon territory. It is intended subsequently to give one to every school child in Canada. The ceremony took place at the Royal Mint, in the presence of His Excellency Viscount Willingdon, as well as Sir Montagu and Lady Allan, officials of Government House, officials of the Mint, and members of the press. Upon their Excellencies arrival they were taken on a tour of inspection through the Mint. The first point of call was a little truck, on which was heaped $600,000 worth of gold in solid bars. Each bar was worth more than $10,000. The exact value by weight is stamped on each. Alongside were other bars, or bricks, containing about 90 per cent. gold.

Then the entourage passed on to the room where the moulds were contained. Men in heavy woollen clothing, their hands covered by huge mittens, poured out the molten and hissing bronze as coolly as if it were tea.

MADE MANY FRIENDS

Here Lady Willingdon showed her democratic spirit when, thanking the workmen for showing her the modus operandi of that department, she shook hands with them all, grimy handed as they were. She may have soiled a pair of gloves, but she made many friends.

Amid the whirr of many machines, the vice-regal party watched the bronze bars being flattened out and rolled to the proper consistency. During her tour of inspection Lady Willingdon asked a great many questions and seemed tremendously interested in all the various processes.

Finally the room where the medal was to be cast was reached. Strong lights were focussed on the machines and on the party and the camera started to grind and click as Lady Willingdon stepped forward with a blank bronze circle. She showed it the proper way up and then looked for the assistant to give the sign. This he did, the medal was struck and the brief ceremony had ended.

Lady Willingdon threw her hands in the air triumphantly and then scrutinized the first medal.

"It is fine of the King, but I have seen better ones of Queen Mary," Viscount Willingdon was heard to say.

He had a good laugh, as did others around him, when he was told it was Queen Victoria and not Queen Mary.

Some of the coins were immediately put in little envelopes to begin their long journey to the rim of the Arctic, Lady Willingdon herself, filling a few. Meanwhile, Mrs. George P. Graham struck a medal, as did Mrs. C. G. Cowan, wife of the honorary secretary of the jubilee committee, and so did Mrs. R. B. Osborne, lady-in-waiting to Her Excellency.

This ceremony being over, the party inspected several other pieces of delicate machinery. Lady Willingdon being particularly impressed with the weighing machine that casts the overweight 25 cent pieces in one bin and the underweights in another.

The serious work of the morning being over, some fun was had posing for the cameramen. Lady Willingdon held a bowl of shimmering medals which she distributed about to the party like the feudal lords of old, distributing largesse to their retainers. Hon. George P. Graham and Sir Montagu Allen were the particular recipients of Her Excellency's bounty.

After their vice-regal party had departed, Mr. J. H. Campbell, deputy master of the mint, told the press that the medals were struck by hand in Dawson City that he had built when he was up in the Yukon in the old gold days. The medals contain on one side a picture of Queen Victoria as she was in 1867 and one of King George as he is at present. Coinciding, the year is printed on the top and Canada on the bottom ; 1867 is printed opposite Queen Victoria, and 1927 opposite King George. On the reverse side is a shield containing the Canadian coat of arms, surrounded by floral emblems. On the same side is the motto for the coat of arms, "A mari usque ad mare."

2,000,000 Medals.

Two million of these will be struck and, they are being turned out at the rate of 500 a minute, and 100,000 a day. They will not be distributed locally till near Confederation date, a Mint official explained, lest some private concern get hold of the medal and print them, which would spoil the whole effect. The medals were designed by Pritchard and Andrews, local engravers.

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber, Napanee, June 6th, 1927.

Council met in regular session in the Council Chamber, on Monday evening, Mayor E. J. Roy presiding.

Present — Mayor Roy, Reeve Boyes, and Councillors Simpson, Dunbar, Kimmerly and Fitzpatrick.

The minutes of the last regular and special meetings were read and approved.

A communication from the Hydro Electric Commission re additional power for Eastern Ontario.

On motion the chairman of the Fire, Water and Light Committee was authorized to attend the meeting in reference to above communication, to be held in Toronto.

An Inspector's report of the Provincial Board of Health, recommending the purchase of a larger chlorinating outfit for the Waterworks, and the placarding of public taps, that the water is unfit for drinking purposes.

A communication re the purchase of a new street sweeper's cart was referred to the Streets Committee with power to act.

A notice from the Department of Weights and Measures, respecting the town scales, was ordered fyled.

A communication from James, Procter and Redfern, re pavement, was read and account of $322.79 was ordered paid.

A progress estimate of the Standard Paving Co. and account for $155.80, was read and the account ordered paid.

A deputation representing the Thomas street residents, who are asking for a pavement, appeared before council. Messrs. F. L. Hooper, F. Martin and E. L. Dunbar spoke in support of the construction of a pavement on Thomas street, from John to Dunbar. Mr. H. Lapum opposed the building of the pavement. A petition against the pavement, with three names, was also read.

Moved by Coun. Simpson, seconded by Coun. Dunbar, that a pavement be constructed on Thomas street, from John to Centre streets, as per plans prepared by the town's engineers, the cost to be assessed against the property owners.

Mr. Hughson addressed the council in reference to egg grading. The Government will place a grading outfit in town if the town will supply a room for use.

On motion the matter was referred to the Town Property Committee, with power to act.

The Finance Committee presented the Treasurer's Report of receipts to date for this year. Report adopted.

Councillor Kimmerly presented a report of the meetings of the Central Ontario Power Association, which he attended on behalf of the town.

On motion of Reeve Boyes, seconded by Coun. Jewell, Mr. T. Killbrin will be employed as cement inspector when he is through inspecting the storm sewers.

A motion was passed that all pavements to be constructed with concrete base.

A By-Law to construct certain pavements on Bridge street, was presented, read, put through its three readings and finally passed.

A By-law appointing officers to inforce the Liquor Control Act, was presented, appointing the town's police as officers under the Liquor Control Act.

The matter of providing toilets at the Springside Park was referred to the Town Property Committee with power to act.

ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts were ordered paid :

D. B .Wilson	18 99
T. H. Wiggins	10 00
A. R. Light	27 25
C. N. Railway	1 00
W. S. Wilson	4 00
W. S. Wilson	10 00
F. C. Martin	10 00
Superior Mfy. Co.	5 23
Boyle & Son	5 05
Boyle & Son	10
Treasurer's stamps	15 00
Boyle & Son	7 30

The followin' gaccounts were referred to committees :

Wilson, $2.40 ; $3.30 ; Streets ; D. B. Wilson, $6.55, Police ; Telephone and Hydro accounts ; referred to Clerk with power to act.

Council adjourned.

Congress Playing Cards, recognized as the finest in the world, $1.00 a package at Wallace's. Bridge or ordinary. Other cards 40 and 50c. at Wallace's Drug Store.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.

An impressive reception service was held in the United church on Sunday morning last. Everyone is sorry to learn that the pastorate of Rev. Harold Stainton, B.A., B.D., is terminating at the end of June.

Mrs. W. J. Magee, who has been ill, is convalescent.

Mrs. Dunning, of Brighton, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. R. Carr.

TAMWORTH.

Rev. Mr. Thornlee, Eddie Huffman and wife and Mrs. Jacob Wagner are attending Conference at Oshawa.

J. A. Hunter, Kingston, was in town on Monday last.

Dr. Thornlee, Willard Thornlee, Paul Thornlee, Miss Alp, Miss Parks visited the parsonage last week end.

The Y.P.U. gave one of their plays at Selby on Friday night which was good. The program was an excellent one.

Wellington Woodcock is fitting up a summer resort near Beaver Lake Bridge, which promises to be one of the finest outing and picnic grounds in the county.

The remains of the late Frank Lynch were brought to the home of his brother Alex Lynch, from Watertown for burial. Funeral was on Tuesday from the R. C. church.

George Stinson, aged 90 years, passed away on Thursday, May 26th. The funeral was held on Saturday last at Christ church and was largely attended.

The funeral was held on Saturday last at Christ church and was largely attended.

Some have had large hauls.

George Richardson has been accepted as a suitable man for the Mounted Police and will go to Regina to attend the training school there.

COMING :-: EVENTS

CONFEDERATION CONCERT under the auspices of the I.O.D.E. will be given in the Town Hall, Napanee, on Tuesday evening, June 21st, at 8 p.m. Admission 50 cents.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON

Sunday, June 12.—Acts 12 : 1-17.

Golden Text—Many are the afflictions of the righteous : but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. (Psa. 34 : 19).

People sometimes wonder why, after they have become Christians and are honestly seeking to serve the Lord, they have troubles they never had before. Why should it surprise them ? God's Word tells us plainly that those who follow Christ will be persecuted. The Lord said to His disciples : "Remember the word that I said unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you" (John 15 : 20). It is said that some Korean Christians once came to a missionary and said : "Now are we wondering what is wrong in our lives. The New Testament tells us that if we follow Christ faithfully we shall be persecuted. The Christians in another church here in Korea are being persecuted, but we are not. We are afraid we are not doing as God would have us." Is the average Christian or church in our land troubled over this question ?

The early Church was persecuted. Herod the King saw to this, killing James, the brother of John, found it pleased the Jews, and seized Peter. He put him in prison until he should find an opportunity, after the passover, to bring him before the people, doubtless for their death sentence.

A striking contrast is given here in the record : "Peter therefore was kept in prison : but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." Everything was dead against Peter, "but prayer." When things are hopeless, and we are helpless, why not try "but prayer" ?

It was Scriptural prayer, too : prayer without ceasing. The Lord Jesus spoke a parable once, showing "that men ought always to pray, and not to faint" (Luke 18 : 1). "Pray without ceasing" writes Paul by inspiration (I. Thess. 5 : 17). That perfect gift what God longs to give, and therefore it continues until the desire is granted. How disappointed God must be when some of His children who have begun praying for that which He wants to give them do not pray without ceasing, but lose their faith or their interest, and "faint" in their praying before the answer can come.

Finally the time came when Herod was going to bring Peter out of the prison for the people to have their way with him. Herod went to sleep one night with his plans made for the following day. Peter went to sleep also. Herod took no chances with his famous prisoner, and "Peter was sleeping between two soldiers, bound with two chains : and the keepers before the door kept the prison." The iron Empire of Rome was back of it all. There was not much chance for Peter—"but prayer."

God let things wait until the time came when Herod decided to strike ; then God struck first. "And, behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him, and a light shined in the prison : and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me."

Peter followed, thinking he saw a vision, but after he and the angel had passed along through the city and had come to the iron gate that closed the city walls, "which opened to them of his own accord" and they passed on and out and the angel left him alone ; then Peter came to himself and knew that he was not dreaming, but that God had wrought a great miracle.

Notice that the angel did not do for Peter anything he could do for himself. The chains were struck off from the prisoner's hands, but he had to get up and dress himself and follow. That is God's gracious way of dealing with us. He will do for us what we cannot do for ourselves, but He expects us to do what we can.

Peter knew where his friends were, and there he went. The Lord had on a time said to His disciples, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you." (Matt. 7 : 7). In these words He had taught them to pray, and as "many were gathered together praying" in the house of Mary, knocking at the gate of Heaven for the deliverance of their imprisoned friend, Peter commenced knocking at the door of the gate of their house. They were asking God to let Peter out from where He was, and now Peter was trying to get in to where they were.

A damsel named Rhoda went to the gate, recognized Peter's voice, and in her excitement forgot to open the gate, but ran back to tell the good news to the praying group. "Thou art mad," was their answer. She kept on telling them it was so, and Peter kept on knocking. They thought it was something supernatural, the angel of Peter or a spirit ; but finally they let him in.

Why are we usually so surprised when God answers our prayers ? Has He not promised to do so, when He knows it is best ? We so often lose our faith in God but God never loses His faithfulness toward us.

The sequel is not included in the lesson selection, but it is impressive. When Herod learned of Peter's disappearance, he put the prison keeper to death. Then he went to Caesarea and, because of certain political circumstances that are explained, he let the people worship him as a god. Here is the climax of the lesson : "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory ; and he was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost. But the word of God grew and multiplied."

Why should anyone be so foolish as not to be on God's side ?

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817

ASSETS and LIABILITIES
30th April, 1927

ASSETS

Cash on hand	$ 87,464,766.30
Deposits with and notes and cheques of other Banks	49,280,374.28
Deposit with Central Gold Reserve	19,000,000.00
Call and Short loans on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	149,696,272.31
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities	90,007,661.84
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian	28,605,880.60
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks	3,935,421.10
Quick Assets	$427,990,376.52
Loans and Discounts and other Assets	332,496,996.71
Bank Premises	11,800,000.00
Liabilities of customers under letters of credit (as per contra)	11,825,400.79
Total Assets	$784,112,774.02

LIABILITIES TO PUBLIC

Notes in circulation	43,266,298.50
Deposits	656,578,714.64
Letters of credit outstanding	11,825,400.79
Other liabilities	10,308,133.87
Total Liabilities to Public	$722,068,547.80
Excess of Assets over Liabilities to Public	$ 62,044,226.22

JUST "OIL" WILL GET YOU INTO TROUBLE

BY ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College of Automotive & Electrical Trades, Chicago, Ill.)

If every car owner would keep his car supplied with the best oils and greases adapted to it, seventy per cent. of the sea of troubles that motors are heir to would never need arms taken up against them.

Suppose we take a typical case of the pace that kills. You trot your splendid wagon out on its first few thousand miles, driving pretty carefully for the first thousand, so's not to burn her up. You don't mind watching the oil gauge, and when it drops low, you run into a station and let them to shoot you a quart or two of oil.

"Light or medium ?" asks the man in overalls.

"Oh, medium, I guess," you say because "medium" sounds like a good average. For the rest your selection depends on the kind of oil the station you happen to pull up to happens to have.

After a while "3000" tumbles into place on the speedometer, and then, "grief !"

The rest of the story is short enough. A bit of synthetic muck stopped the flow of oil through the groove, the bearing went completely dry and gripped the wrist pin so tightly that it was torn loose, and the continued motion of the engine, gouging the loose pin against the cylinder wall like a cold chisel, soon scored the cylined so badly that it had to be rebored, or at least patched by a patented process. To do this the motor had to be taken down, cleared and emptied and the block hauled to town, left for a few days, brought back and reassembled : and the bill made out that let you off so easy. You can be glad you didn't get strained or broken crankshaft along with the rest.

Funny, too, isn't it, if you come to think about it ? You put six months' income into a car and bring it home for the family to admire. Its admirable, all right. It's admirable than one man in a thousand ever stops to recall. It's the embodiment of every principal known to mechanics, from high tension to hydraulics ; it's the apex of the most modern standardized perfection. With honest-to-goodness care, its normal life will run from fifty to a hundred thousand miles, and it may be much longer. But at 10,000 it has reached the dangerous years, and at 20,000 is swiftly sinking into senile debility. You can't break the commandments and stay young—not without a painful lot of expensive overhauling, anyhow.

Know your oil and stick to the best brand.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. tfif

THE LITTLE THEATRE.

Is Stand-by of Clean Drama, Says Jerome K Jerome.

"I think the future of the English stage depends upon the little theatre," said Jerome K. Jerome in a speech at Bristol Little Theatre. "The big theatre must attract a big audience or go bankrupt," he declared. "A play to be successful in the West End of London must draw nearly £2,000 a week. When riches like that come pouring in through the box-office window, art flies out at the stage door."

The big manager, Mr. Jerome explains, does not ask whether a play is good or bad. He asks: "Has it got a punch in it? Will it bring them in?" By "them" he means the people who regard the theatre as an interlude between a dinner and a dance—the people who go to the theatre in the hope of being excited by sensationalism.

"An appetite grows by what it feeds on," he continued. "There is danger of the British stage becoming a sink of immorality. To be successful every new play has to go a bit farther. The thing works in a vicious circle.

"In the provinces," he said, "there are not so many difficulties to contend with. The little theatre gets known. I should like to see a little theatre in every town of more than 40,000 people and it can be done. The little theatre is needed to keep alive the English drama. To-day half the theatres in London are controlled from America. The other half soon will be. It is only a question of time.

"'London isn't all England — not yet, thank God," he added.

Cash and Carry In England.

A number of very modern grocery stores are being opened in various parts of London where everything is ready packed and weighed, and customers can come in and help themselves, paying as they go out. The introducer of this ingenious scheme is the famous Canadian airman V.C., Col. W. A. Bishop, who brought down seventy-two enemy airplanes during the war. The idea is a Canadian one, and Col. Bishop is managing-director of a company which intends to establish a chain of such shops in London. He comes of a family of manufacturing grocers and married the granddaughter of a big department store magnate of Toronto. Col. Bishop's only bad crash as an airman happened after the war was over. His face was so badly injured that he had to have it remodelled.

Addressing Mail Matter.

Use of address tags is a frequent source of loss of mail matter, owing to the tags becoming detached in course of post.

The proper manner of addressing is to write on the cover of the package itself. In addition, it is advisable to repeat the address on the inside of the package, so that if by any chance the cover becomes torn or damaged, an examination of the article will disclose for whom it is intended.

Largest Trading Balance.

Canada has the largest trading balance per head of any country.

Telephones In Britain.

Britain has only one telephone to every twenty-nine persons.

LITTLE FAMINES.

Known Only to the Few Persons Directly Interested.

Hair taken from the tails of white horses is the best material for making cloth bows, and, since horses of all sorts are becoming scarcer, there is an actual famine in this particular commodity, while at the same time, owing to the popularity of jazz, the demand for bows is constantly increasing.

Quite apart from the big famines in fuel, cotton, wood, and wool, which are brought home to all of us, little famines which are known only to the few persons directly interested are constantly occurring. The supply of monkeys has recently been very short. These animals are popular pets, and their price is now double what it was a few years ago. There is also a shortage in goldfish and in elephants —not wild elephants, which are increasing in numbers, but in the tamed elephant so popular in menageries and zoos.

The current famine which began in the war has continued ever since. A portion of this delicacy formerly priced at a shilling now costs half a crown, says Answers, while the amount provided is only half the size of the pre-War portion. All the best caviare comes from Russia, and most of it from the Volga sturgeons; but the fishing is neglected, and the amount exported is very small.

A coarse cheaper variety is obtained from the sturgeon which frequent the River Elbe in Germany, but it is not to be compared with true Russian caviare. So scarce has caviare become that imitations are on the market. One of these is said to be made of poppy seed and blacking.

Speaking of fish, there has recently been a shortage of cod liver oil. It is not that cod are scarce, but that the fish have been in poor condition owing, presumably, to some sort of submarine famine. The fish caught have been so thin that in many cases the liver, from which the invaluable oil is extracted, yielded only a few drops.

This famine is the more regrettable because never before has there been so great a demand for cod liver oil, which has been proved to contain vitamins of extreme value to children. There is usually a cod liver oil famine about once in twenty years, but after a time the fish pick up again and are as fat and fine as ever.

Making Trappers Responsible.

A new law which will go into effect this fall in British Columbia will prohibit the fall trapping of all water animals in every part of the province. It also compels the registration of all trap lines, making every trapper permanently responsible for the proper trapping of his own district. Such legislation reflects the wide-spread conviction that less wasteful and more humane methods are to be enforced in the taking of wild animals by the trap.

Royalty's Favorite Pets.

The Prince of Wales has a large number of canine favorites, but Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, prefers horses to dogs.

Bees' Feet.

The feet of bees are their organs of communication.

Travels of a Hen.

A white hen travels every night from Macduff Post Office to Banff Post Office in Scotland, from there to the railway station and back to Macduff via Banff G.O. It was discovered recently sitting underneath the mail lorry on the rear axle. Quite unconcerned, her ladyship has now become a regular mail bag parcel, and is always ready for her evening ride.

Women In British Universities.

Women students at various universities in Britain now number 7,000. Fifty years ago there were only 37.

HERE and THERE

In addition to the Exhibition of fowl at the World's Poultry Congress at Ottawa, there will also be a large display of rabbits and canaries. Announcement to this effect was made at a meeting of the Congress Live Bird Committee, which has definitely assigned space for these added classes at the exhibition.

Thousands of citizens of Regina took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the new Canadian Pacific Hotel Saskatchewan, opened May 24 by E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This eleven story addition to the company's chain of hotels across the continent is regarded as one of the finest buildings in the west.

Canada's industrial products of today, together with a comprehensive demonstration of the progress of industry in the Dominion since confederation, will be displayed in elaborate styles at an exposition which the Produced-in-Canada Association, sponsored by the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, will stage in Montreal in August next.

This spring about 5,000 men have been placed on Alberta farms by the Alberta Government Employment Service. During the month of April and the first ten days of May 1,003 men have been given employment by O. Hanson & Company, local employment agents for the Canadian Pacific Railway. These men have been sent out on section work and to extra gangs. Of the number mentioned 778 were new arrivals from continental countries.

According to the latest information given out by the Canadian Pacific Railway in connection with the proposed new Toronto hotel, additional land has been purchased bringing the frontage on Front Street up to nearly 600 feet. It has also been stated that the new C.P.R. hotel will be 20 stories or more in height. The site of the proposed structure is directly opposite the new Union Station, the land being occupied at present by the well-known Queens Hotel.

Don Salvador Castello, who will head the Spanish delegation to World's Poultry Congress to be held in Ottawa from July 27th to August 4th, has notified Congress headquarters that the representatives from this country will arrive in Canada on July 23rd or 24th. The Spanish live bird exhibit will reach Montreal on July 21st or 22nd. The party is sailing from Cherbourg on the C.P.R. liner "Montroyal" on July 14th. Don Salvador Castello states he believes the Spanish National Exhibit will be one of the most remarkable staged at the Congress Exhibition.

The Post Office Department advises that permission has been granted to the Western Canada Airways, Limited, or its agents, to operate an air mail service between Rolling Portage, Ontario, and the Red Lake mining area, and convey such mail as is offered for conveyance by this service. The requirements are: (1) The words "By air mail" to be prominently written on the address side; (2) The usual Canadian postage be affixed on the address side; (3) The "Air mail stamp" to be placed on the reverse side.

E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has offered $3,000 in prizes for the 1928 musical festival to be held at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec. The Folksong festival recently concluded at the Ancient Capital was an outstanding musical success, being carried out for the first time. The prizes offered by Mr. Beatty will be for musical competitions based on French-Canadian chansons populaires and folk melodies. J. Murray Gibbon, Canadian author, who has translated many old French-Canadian folk songs, is largely responsible for the success of the recent Festival at Quebec. Judging from press comments in all parts of the continent these old songs of French Canada are fast gaining in popularity.

Long Speedway Plan Liked.

Interest in the proposed automobile speedway connecting the Mediterranean and the North Sea has become sufficiently great as to give hopes for its construction. The road, as planned, is to be from Hamburg, Germany, to Genoa, Italy. The road-bed is to be 20 feet wide, with a right of way twice that width, and will be of cement or asphalt. Only automobiles will be permitted to use the highway, and these only in accordance with an international system of rules, signals and fees. A society, the "Hafraba," has been formed, with headquarters in Frankfort, to promote the plan. Italy and Switzerland also are showing an interest. The total cost of the road would be $50,000,000, and in order to meet this outlay, 24,000 subscribers at $125 a year would be required.

Pampas.

The extensive treeless plains covered with coarse grass in Paraguay, Uruguay and Argentina of South America are called pampas. These plains are being turned into cattle ranches, especially in Argentina, from which country large exports of meat take place each year.

MERRY-GO-ROUND HOUSE.

Enables the Owner to Have Sunshine On Any Part of the House.

A house just completed by two Parisian architects enables the owner to have sunshine on any part of the house he wishes, merely by pressing a button. Built on the same principle as a locomotive turn-table, the house is hexagonal in shape, with a terrace running the whole way round and a pergola garden on the roof. Power for rotating it is provided by a small electric motor controlled by duplicate buttons in every room, including one under the dining-room table.

Eight steel girders, arranged in the shape of a fan, form the platform of the villa, which revolves on a central pivot, while the girders have rollers at their extremities which run on a steel track.

When first erected, a strong wind blew the house round like a windmill, but this defect has now been remedied. At present the electric motor permits only one full turn an hour, but by installing a powerful engine the house could be made to revolve at a hundred or so miles an hour.

Woman Life-Saver.

The only woman in the British Isles who actually administers and carries on a lifeboat station is Miss Letitia French, of Palling, in Norfolk, who has just been honored by the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. It is her job to see that the crew is efficient and in readiness for every call. She succeeded her father and has undertaken this responsibility for twenty-three years.

Under Miss French's direction the Palling lifeboats have been out on service 16 times and have rescued 209 lives.

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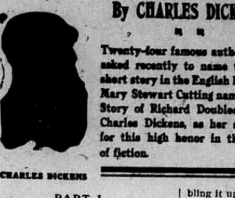
THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK

By CHARLES DICKENS



Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. Mary Stewart Cutting named "The Story of Richard Doubledick," by Charles Dickens, as her selection for this high honor in the world of fiction.

CHARLES DICKENS — MARY STEWART CUTTING

PART I.

IN the year 1790 a relative of mine came limping down on foot to this town of Chatham.

My relative came to Chatham to enlist in a cavalry regiment if a cavalry regiment would have him; if not, to take King George's shilling from any corporal or sergeant who would put a bunch of ribbons in his hat. His object was to get shot, but he thought he might as well ride to his death as be at the trouble of walking.

My relative's Christian name was Richard, but he was better known as Dick. He dropped his own surname on the road down and took up that of Doubledick. He was passed as Richard Doubledick, age twenty-two, height five foot ten, native place Exmouth, which he had never been near in his life. There was no cavalry in Chatham when he limped over the bridge here with half a shoe to his dusty feet, so he enlisted into a regiment of the line and was glad to get drunk and forget all about it.

You are to know that this relative of mine had gone wrong and run wild. His heart was in the right place, but it was sealed up. He had been betrothed to a good and beautiful girl whom he had loved better than she—or perhaps even he—believed, but in an evil hour he had given her cause to say to him solemnly: "Richard, I will never marry another man. I will live single for your sake, but Mary Marshall's lips"—her name was Mary Marshall—"never address another word to you on earth! Go, Richard! Heaven forgive you!" This finished him. This brought him down to Chatham. This made him Private Richard Doubledick, with a determination to be shot.

There was not a more dissipated and reckless soldier in Chatham barracks in the year 1790 than Private Richard Doubledick. He associated with the dregs of every regiment, he was as seldom sober as he could be and was constantly under punishment. It became clear to the whole barracks that Private Richard Doubledick would very soon be flogged.

Now the captain of Richard Doubledick's company was a young gentleman not above five years his senior, whose eyes had an expression in them which affected Private Richard in Doubledick in a very remarkable way. They were bright, handsome, dark eyes —*what are called laughing eyes generally*, and, when serious, rather steady than severe—but they were the only ones now left in his narrowed world that Private Richard Doubledick could not stand. Unabashed by evil report and punishment, defiant of everything else and everybody else, he had but to know that those eyes looked at him for a moment, and he felt ashamed. He could not so much as salute Captain Taunton in the street like any other officer. He was reproached and confused, troubled by the mere possibility of the captain's looking at him. In his worst moments he would rather turn back and go any distance out of the way than encounter those two handsome, dark, bright eyes.

One day, when Private Richard Doubledick came out of the Black Hole, where he had been passing the last eight and forty hours and by which he treat he spent a good deal of his time, he was ordered to betake himself to Captain Taunton's quarters. In the stale and squalid state of a man just out of the Black Hole, he had less fancy than ever for being seen by the captain, but he was not so mad yet as to disobey orders, and consequently went up to the terrace overlooking the parade-ground, where the officers' quarters were, twisting and breaking in his hands as he went along a bit of the straw that had formed the decorative furniture of the Black Hole.

"Come in," cried the captain when he knocked with his knuckles at the door. Private Richard Doubledick pulled off his cap, took a step forward and felt very conscious that he stood in the light of the dark, bright eyes.

There was a slight pause. Private Richard Doubledick had put the straw in his mouth and was gradually doubling it up into his windpipe and choking himself.

"Doubledick," said the captain. "do you know where you are going to?"

"To the devil, sir," faltered Doubledick.

"Yes," returned the captain. "And very fast."

Private Richard Doubledick turned the straw of the Black Hole in his mouth and made a miserable salute of acquiescence.

"Doubledick," said the captain, "since I entered his majesty's service, a boy of seventeen, I have been pained to see many men of promise going that road, but I have never been so pained to see a man determined to make the shameful journey as I have been, ever since you joined the regiment, to see you."

Private Richard Doubledick began to find a film stealing over the floor at which he looked, also to find the legs of the captain's breakfast table turning crooked, as if he saw them through water.

"I am only a common soldier, sir," said he. "It signifies very little what such a poor brute comes to."

"You are a man," returned the captain, with grave indignation, "of education and superior advantages, and it you say that, meaning what you say, you have sunk lower than I had believed. How low that must be I leave you to consider, knowing what I know of your disgrace and seeing what I see."

"I hope to get shot soon, sir," said Private Richard Doubledick, "and then the regiment and the world together will be rid of me."

The legs of the table were becoming very crooked. Doubledick, looking up to steady his vision, met the eyes that had so strong an influence over him. He put his hand before his own eyes, and the breast of his disgrace jacket swelled as if it would fly asunder.

"I would rather," said the young captain, "see this in you, Doubledick, than I would see 5,000 guineas counted out upon this table for a gift to my good mother. Have you a mother?"

"I am thankful to say she is dead, sir."

"If your praises," returned the captain, "were sounded from mouth to mouth through the whole regiment, through the whole army, through the whole country, you would wish she had lived to say, with pride and joy, 'He is my son!'"

"Spare me, sir," said Doubledick. "She would never have heard any good of me. She would never have had any pride and joy in owning herself my mother. Love and compassion she might have had, and would have always had, I know, but not—spare me, sir! I am a broken wretch, quite at your mercy!" And he turned his face to the wall and stretched out his imploring hand.

"My friend"—began the captain.

"God bless you, sir!" sobbed Private Richard Doubledick.

"You are at the crisis of your fate. Hold your course unchanged a little longer and you know what must happen. I know even better than you can imagine, that, after that has happened, you are lost. So much you could shed those tears could bear those marks."

"I fully believe it, sir," in a low, shivering voice said Private Richard Doubledick.

"But a man in any station can do his duty," said the young captain, "and in doing it can earn his own respect, even if his case should be so very unfortunate and so very rare that he can earn no other meed. A common soldier, poor brute though one called him just now, has this advantage in the stormy times we live in, that he always does his duty before a host of sympathizing witnesses. Do you doubt that he may so do it as to be extolled through a whole regiment, through a whole army, through a whole country? Turn while you may yet retrieve the past and try."

"I will. I ask for only one witness, sir," cried Richard, with a bursting heart.

"I understand you. I will be a watchful and a faithful one."

I have heard from Private Richard Doubledick's own lips that he dropped down upon his knee, kissed that officer's hand, arose and went out of the light of the dark, bright eyes an altered man.

In that year, 1790, the French were in Egypt, in Italy, in Germany where not? Napoleon Bonaparte had risen wise began to stir against us in India, and more men could read the signs of the great troubles that were coming on. In the very next year, when we formed an alliance with Austria against him, Captain Taunton's regiment was on service in India. And there was not a finer noncommissioned officer in it—no, nor in the whole line—than Corporal Richard Doubledick.

In 1801 the Indian army were on the coast of Egypt. Next year was the year of the proclamation of the short peace, and they were recalled. It had then become well known to thousands of men that wherever Captain Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, led there, close to him, ever at his side, and firm as a rock, true as the sun and brave as Mars, would be certain to be found while life beats in their hearts that famous soldier, Sergeant Richard Doubledick.

Eighteen hundred and five, besides being the great year of Trafalgar, was a year of hard fighting in India. That year saw such wonders done by a sergeant major who cut his way single handed through a solid mass of men, recovered the colors of his regiment, which had been seized from the hand of a poor boy shot through the heart, and rescued his wounded captain, who was down and in a very jungle of horses' hoofs and sabers—saw such wonders done, I say, by this brave sergeant major that he was specially made the bearer of the colors he had won, and Ensign Richard Doubledick had risen from the ranks.

Sorely cut up in every battle, but always re-enforced by the bravest of men —for the fame of following the old colors, shot through and through, which Ensign Richard Doubledick had saved, inspired all breasts—this regiment fought its way through the peninsular war up to the investment of Badajos in 1812. Again and again it had been cheered through the British ranks until the tears had sprung into men's eyes at the mere hearing of the mighty British voice so exultant in their valor, and there was not a drummer's boy but knew the legend that wherever the two friends, Major Taunton, with the dark, bright eyes, and Ensign Richard Doubledick, who was devoted to him, were seen to go, there the boldest spirits in the English army became wild to follow.

One day at Badajos—not in the great storming, but in repelling a hot sally of the besieged upon our men at work in the trenches, who had given way—the two officers found themselves running forward, face to face, against a party of French infantry, who made a stand. There was an officer at their head encouraging his men—a courageous, handsome, gallant officer of five and thirty, whom Doubledick saw hurriedly, almost momentarily, but surely, with particularity enough. The officer waving his sword and rallying his men with an eager and excited cry when they fired in obedience to gesture and Major Taunton dropped.

It was ten minutes or ten minutes more and Doubledick returned to the spot where he had laid the best friend man ever had on a coat spread upon the wet clay. Major Taunton's uniform was opened at the throat and the white shirt were three little spots of blood.

"Dear Doubledick," said he, "I am dying."

"For the love of heaven, no!" exclaimed the other, kneeling down beside him and passing his arm round his neck to raise his head. "Taunton! My preserver, my guardian angel, my witness! Dearest, truest, kindest of human beings! Taunton! For God's sake!"

The bright, dark eyes—so very, very dark now in the pale face—smiled upon him, and the hand he had kissed thirteen years ago laid itself fondly on his breast.

"Write to my mother. You will see home again. Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her, as it comforts me."

He spoke no more, but faintly signed for a moment towards his hair as it fluttered in the wind. The ensign understood him. He smiled and his head he saw that and, gently turning his face over on the supporting arm as if for rest, died. with his hand upon the breast in which he had revived a soul.

No fire broke out upon Ensign Richard Doubledick that melancholy day. He buried his friend on the field and became a lone, bereaved man. Beyond his duty he appeared to have but two remaining cares in life—one, to preserve the little packet of hair he was to give Taunton's mother; the other, to encounter that French officer who had rallied the men under whose fire Taunton fell. He now secured one to circulate among our troops, and it was that when he and the French officer came face to face once more there would be weeping in France.

The war went on, and through it went the exact picture of the French officer on the one side and the bodily reality upon the other, until the battle of Toulouse was fought. In the returns sent home appeared the words: "Severely wounded, but not dangerously. Lieutenant Richard Doubledick."

At midsummer time in the year 1814 Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, now a browned soldier seven and thirty years of age, came home to England invalided. He brought the hair with him, near his heart. Many a French officer had he seen since that day; many a dreadful night, in searching with men and lanterns for his wounded, had he relieved French officers lying disabled, but the mental picture and the reality had never come together.

Though he was weak and suffered pain, he lost not an hour in getting down to Frome, in Somersetshire, where Taunton's mother lived. In the sweet, compassionate words that naturally present themselves to the mind tonight, "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

It was a Sunday evening, and the lady sat at her quiet garden window reading the Bible; reading to herself in a trembling voice that very passage in it, as I have heard him tell. He heard the words, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!"

He had to pass the window, and the bright, dark eyes of his debased time seemed to look at him. Her heart told her who he was; she came to the door quickly and fell upon his neck.

"He saved me from ruin, made me a human creature, won me from infamy and shame. O God, forever bless him! As he will, he will!"

"He will!" the lady answered "I know he is in heaven!" Then she piteously cried, "But, oh, my darling boy, my darling boy!"

Never from the hour when Private Richard Doubledick enlisted at Chatham had the private, corporal, sergeant, sergeant major, ensign and lieutenant breathed his right name, or the name of Mary Marshall, or a word of the story of his life, into any ear except his recruiter's.

But that night, remembering the words he had cherished for two years, "Tell her how we became friends. It will comfort her as it comforts me," he related everything. It gradually seemed to him as if in her bereavement she had found a son. During his stay in England, the quiet garden into which he had slowly and painfully crept a mere cripple became the boundary of his home. When he was able to join his regiment in the spring he left the garden thinking was this indeed the first time he had ever turned his face toward the old colors with a woman's blessing!

He followed them—so ragged, so scarred and pierced now, that they would scarcely hold together—to Quatre Bras and Ligny. He stood beside them in an awful stillness of many men, shadowy through the mist and drizzle of a wet June forenoon, on the field of Waterloo. And down to that hour the picture in his mind of the French officer had never been compared with the reality.

The famous regiment was in action early in the battle and received its first check in many an eventful year, when he was seen to fall. But it crept on to avenge him and left behind it no such creature in the world of consciousness as Lieutenant Richard Doubledick.

Through pits of mire and pools of reds, and deep ditches, once roads, that were pounded and ploughed to pieces by artillery, heavy wagons, tramp of men and horses and the struggle of every wheeled thing that could carry wounded soldiers; jolted among the dying and dead, so disfigured by blood and mud as to be hardly recognizable for humanity; undisturbed by the moaning of men and the shrieks of horses, which, newly taken from the peaceful pursuits of life, could not endure the sight of the stragglers lying by the wayside, never to resume their following journey; dead as to any sentient life that was in it, and yet alive—the form that had been Lieutenant Richard Doubledick, with whose praises England rang, was conveyed to Brussels. There it was tenderly laid down in hospital, and there it lay, week after week, through the long bright summer days until the harvest, spared by war, had ripened and was gathered in.

PART II.

OVER and over again the sun rose and sat upon the crowded city; over and over again the moonlight nights were quiet on the plains of Waterloo; and all that time was a blank to what had been Richard Doubledick.

Slowly laboring at last through a long journey, a train of confused time and place, presenting faint glimpses of army surgeons whom he knew and of faces that had been familiar to his youth—dearest and kindest among them Mary Marshall's, with a solicitude upon it more like reality than anything he could discern—Lieutenant Richard Doubledick came back to life —to the beautiful life of a calm autumn evening sunset, to the peaceful life of a fresh, quiet room with a large window standing open, a balcony beyond in which were moving leaves and sweet smelling flowers; beyond, again, the clear sky, with the sun full in his sight, pouring its golden radiance on his bed.

It was so tranquil and so lovely that he thought he had passed into another world. And he said in a faint voice, "Taunton, are you near me?"

A face bent over him—not his, his mother's.

"I came to nurse you. We have nursed you many weeks. You were moved here long ago. Do you remember nothing?"

"Nothing."

The lady kissed his cheek and held his hand, soothing him.

"Where is the regiment? What has happened? Let me call you mother. What has happened, mother?"

"A great victory, dear. The war is over, and the regiment was the bravest in the field."

His eyes kindled, his lips trembled, he sobbed, and the tears ran down his face. He was very weak—too weak to move his hand.

"Was it dark just now?" he asked presently.

"No."

"It was only dark to me? Something passed away, like a black shadow. But as it went and the sun—oh, the blessed sun, how beautiful it is!—touched my face I thought I saw a light white cloud pass out at the door. Was there nothing that went out?"

She shook her head, and in a little while he fell asleep, she still holding his hand and soothing him.

From that time he recovered—slowly, for he had been desperately wounded in the head and had been shot in the body, but making some little advance every day.

One day he awoke out of a sleep refreshed and asked her to read to him. But the curtain of the bed, softening the light, which she always drew back when he awoke that she might see him from her table at the bedside where she sat at work, was held undrawn, and a woman's voice spoke, which was not hers.

"Can you bear to see a stranger?" it said softly. "Will you like to see a stranger?"

"Stranger!" he repeated. The voice awoke old memories before the days of Private Richard Doubledick.

"A stranger now, but not a stranger once," it said in tones that thrilled him. "Richard, dear Richard, lost through so many years, my name"—

He cried out her name, "Mary!" and she held him in her arms, and his head lay on her bosom.

"I am not breaking a rash vow, Richard. These are not Mary Marshall's lips that speak. I have another name."

"Never!"

"I have another name, Richard. Did you ever bear it?"

"Never!"

He looked into her face, so pensively beautiful, and wondered at the smile upon it through her tears.

"Think again, Richard. Are you sure you never heard my altered name?"

"Never!"

"Don't move your head to look at me, dear Richard. Let it lie here while I tell my story. I loved a generous, noble man, loved him with my whole heart, loved him for years and years, loved him faithfully, devotedly loved him with no hope of return, loved him, knowing nothing of his highest qualities—not even knowing that he was alive. He was a brave soldier. He was honored and beloved by thousands of thousands, when the mother of his dear friend found me and showed me that in all his triumphs he had never forgotten me. He was wounded in a great battle. He was brought dying, here into Brussels. I came to watch and tend him, as I would have joyfully gone with such a purpose to the dreariest ends of the earth. When he knew no one else he knew me. When he suffered most he bore his suffering barely murmuring, content to rest his head where yours rests now. When he lay at the point of death he married me that he might call me wife before he died. And the name, my dear love, that I took on that forgotten night"—

"I know it now!" he sobbed. "The shadowy remembrance strengthens. It is come back. I thank heaven that my mind is quite restored! My Mary, kiss me. Lull this weary head to rest, or I shall die of gratitude. His parting words were fulfilled. I see home again!"

Well! They were happy. It was a long recovery, but they were happy through it all. The snow had melted on the ground and the birds were singing in the leafless thickets of the early spring when those three were first able to ride out together and when people flocked about the open carriage to cheer and congratulate Captain Richard Doubledick.

But even then it became necessary for the captain, instead of returning to England, to complete his recovery in the climate of southern France. They found a spot upon the Rhone, within a ride of the old town of Avignon and within view of its broken bridge, which was all they could desire. They lived there together six months, then returned to England. Mrs. Taunton, growing old after three years—though not so old as that her bright, dark eyes were dimmed—and remembering that her strength had been benefited by the change, resolved to go back for a year to those parts. So she went with a faithful servant, who had often carried her son in his arms, and she was to be rejoined and escorted home at the year's end by Captain Richard Doubledick.

She wrote regularly to her children as she called them now, and they to her. She went to the neighborhood of Aix, and there, in their own chateau near the farmer's house she rented she grew into intimacy with a family belonging to that part of France. The intimacy began in her often meeting among the vineyards a pretty child, a girl with a most compassionate heart who was never tired of listening to the solitary English lady's stories of her poor son and the cruel wars. The family were as gentle as the child, and at length she came to know them so well that she accepted their invitation to pass the last month of her residence abroad under their roof. All this intelligence she wrote home, piecemeal as it came about, from time to time and at last inclosed a polite note from the head of the chateau soliciting, on the occasion of his approaching mission to that neighborhood, the honor of the company of cet homme si justement celebre, M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick.

Captain Doubledick, now a hardy handsome man in the full vigor of life, broader across the chest and shoulders than he had ever been before, dispatched a courteous reply and followed it in person. Traveling through all that extent of country after three years of peace, he blessed the better days on which the world had fallen. The corn was golden, not drenched in unnatural red; was bound in sheaves for food, not trodden underfoot by men in mortal fight. The smoke rose up from peaceful hearths, not blazing ruins. In a softened spirit he reached the old chateau near Aix upon a deep blue evening.

It was a large chateau of the genuine old ghostly kind, with round towers and extinguishers and a high leaden roof and more windows than Aladdin's palace. The lattice blinds were all thrown open after the heat of the day, and there were glimpses of rambling walls and corridors within. Then there were immense outbuildings fallen into partial decay, masses of dark trees, terrace gardens, balustrades, tanks of water too weak to play and too dirty to work, statues weeds and thickets of iron railing that seemed to have overgrown themselves like the shrubberies and to have branched out in all manner of wild grooves. The entrance doors stood open, and the captain walked in.

He walked into a lofty stone hall, refreshingly cool and gloomy after the glare of the southern day's travel. Extending along the four sides of this hall was a gallery leading to suits of rooms, and it was lighted from the top. Still no bell was to be seen.

"Faith," said the captain, halting, ashamed of the clanking of his boots, "this is a ghostly beginning."

He started back and felt his face turn white. In the gallery looking down at him stood the French officer—the officer whose picture he had carried in his mind so long and so far. Compared with the remembered original at last—in every lineament now like it was!

He moved and disappeared, and Captain Richard Doubledick heard his steps coming quickly down into the hall. He entered through an archway. There was a bright, sudden look upon his face, much such a look as it had worn in that fatal moment at Badajos.

M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick? Enchanted to receive him! A thousand apologies! The servants were all out in the air. There was a little fete among them in the garden. In effect it was the fete day of my daughter, the little cherished and protected of Mme. Taunton.

He was as gracious and so frank that M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick could not withhold his hand. "It is the hand of a brave English man," said the French officer, retaining it while he spoke. "I could respect a brave Englishman even as my foe, how much more as my friend! I also am a soldier."

He has not remembered me as I have remembered him. He did not take such note of my face that day as I took of his," thought Captain Richard Doubledick. "How shall I tell him?"

The French officer conducted his guest into a garden and presented him to his wife, an engaging and beautiful woman, sitting with Mrs. Taunton in a whimsical old fashioned pavilion. His daughter, her fair young face beaming with joy, came running to embrace him, and there was a boy baby to tumble down among the orange trees on the broad steps in making for his father's legs. A multitude of children visitors were dancing to sprightly music, and all the servants and peasants about the chateau were dancing too. It was a scene of innocent happiness that might have been invented for the climax of a picture of peace which had soothed the captain's journey.

He looked on, greatly troubled in his mind, until a resounding bell rang, and the French officer begged to show him his rooms. They went upstairs into the gallery from which the officer had looked down, and M. le Capitaine Richard Doubledick was cordially welcomed to a grand outer chamber and a smaller one within, all clocks and draperies and hearths and brazen dogs and tiles and cool devices and elegance and vastness.

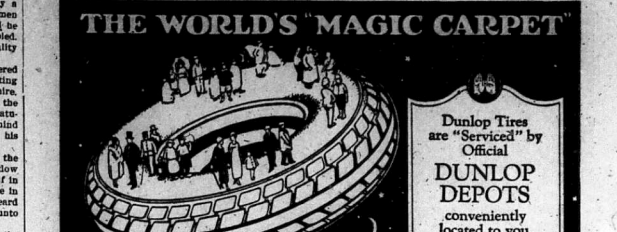
"You were at Waterloo?" said the French officer.

"I was," said Captain Richard Doubledick. "And at Badajos."

Left alone with the sound of his own stern voice in his ears, he sat down to consider. What shall I do and how shall I tell him? At that time unhappily many deplorable duels had been fought between English and French officers arising out of the recent war, and these duels and how to avoid this officer's hospitality were the uppermost thought in Captain Richard Doubledick's mind.

He was thinking and letting the time run out in which he should have dress-

(Continued on page 7)



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- McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Limited, Belleville.
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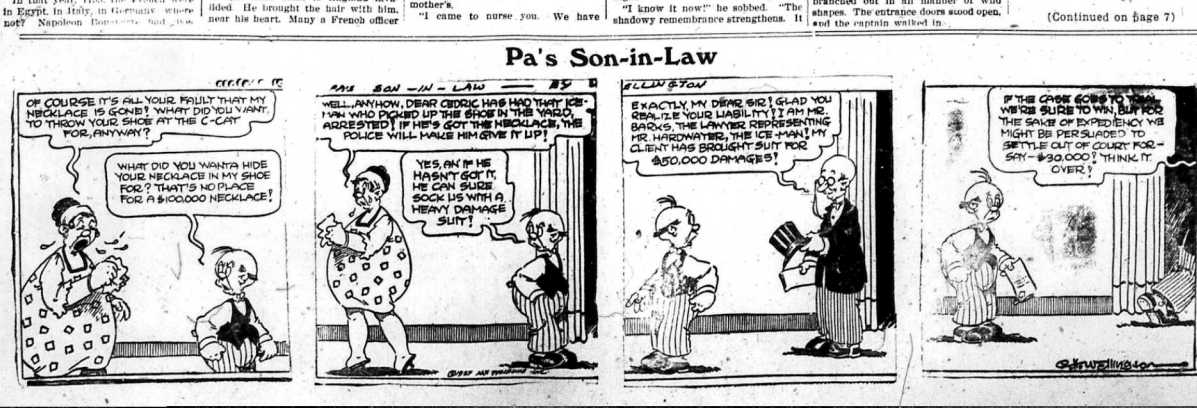
OF COURSE IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT THAT MY NECKLACE IS GONE! WHAT DID YOU WANT TO THROW YOUR SHOE AT THE C-CAT FOR, ANYWAY?
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WELL, ANYHOW, DEAR CEDRIC HAS HAD THAT ICE-MAN WHO PICKED UP THE EAGLE IN THE YARD ARRESTED! IF HE'S GOT THE NECKLACE, THE POLICE WILL MAKE HIM GIVE IT UP!
YES, AN IF HE HASN'T GOT IT, HE CAN SUING BACK INTO WITH A HEAVY DAMAGE SUIT!
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EXACTLY, MY DEAR SIR! GLAD YOU REALIZE YOUR LIABILITY! I AM MR. BARGE, THE LAWYER, REPRESENTING MR. HARDWATER, THE ICE-MAN! MY CLIENT HAS BROUGHT SUIT FOR $50,000 DAMAGES!
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We can supply you with any height from 3 to 8 feet of this strong, sturdy fence. No boards or top rails necessary. Five times as serviceable as netting. It gives your flock real protection. All styles of Peerless Farm, Poultry or Lawn Fence carried in stock.

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Notice.

The person who took the coal oil stove belonging to the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, from the Town Hall, Napanee, will please return same at once. 28-ap

Standard Bank Opens Branch at Saskatoon.

Indicating a growing prosperity throughout Western Canada, as well as steady expansion by one of Canada's oldest financial institutions, the Standard Bank of Canada has recently opened a new branch at Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. The branch will be under the direction of Mr. H. L. Allingham, formerly manager of the Standard Bank at Lethbridge, Alberta. Through his services at various centres, Mr. Allingham is well known in financial and commercial circles throughout the Canadian West. The growing importance of Saskatoon as the distributing centre for one of the richest farming regions of the Prairie Provinces is said to have been responsible for the inauguration of the latest branch of the Standard Bank.

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These sets can be heard any night by appointment.

We carry a full line of Eveready Radio Batteries; all styles and prices. Phones and Speakers.

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Get your Radio License from us

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Get Radio License before April 1st and save trouble as all Radios have to be licensed before that date.

1 Barnet Refrigerator at a bargain.

1 6-tube Mohawk Radio.

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square. - 'Phone 367
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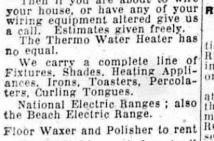
Richmond Township S. S. Convention.

The annual District Convention of the Sunday Schools of Richmond Township will be held in St. Andrew's Church, Napanee, on Monday, June 20th.

Afternoon session commences at 1.30 o'clock sharp. Besides the regular reports of the departments and General Business, Rev. Dr. Fletcher, O.B.E.C. reporter, will take charge and be part in the program, also an address by Rev. Tanton, of Trinity United Church. Several will be interspersed with music.

The evening session will open at 7.30 o'clock, with St. Andrew's orchestra leading. Reports of committees will be received installation of officers, and music will also be provided. Dr. Fletcher will be the principal speaker. The ministers of the County and all Sunday School workers are cordially invited to attend both sessions.

GEO. H. BROOKS, Pres.
WM. Frisken, Sec'y. 27-bp



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there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable Marble or Granite, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

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A lot of damaged and wet Grain at

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All kinds of Grain and Seeds, and Hay, in car lots.

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Opposite Campbell House

FREE!

One pair candlesticks given away with every 50c. tin Rogers' Brushing Lacquer. Easy to apply, dries in 30 minutes. All shades.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public worship.
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7 p.m.—Public worship.
Wednesday, 8 p.m.—Prayer meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Roofing.

Use Johns-Manville asbestos, asphalt, slate surfaced shingles and roll roofing. Will not burn or rot.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Election of Officers.

Napanee Lodge No. 86, I.O.O.F., elected officers for the ensuing term as follows:

J.P.G.—Bro. Bert Rutherford,
N.G.—Bro. A. E. Cook,
V.G.—Bro Jas. McGillvray
Rec.-Sec.—Bro. F. W. Barrett.
Fin. Sec'y.—Bro. U. M. Wilson.
Treasurer—Bro. W. Davis.

Wonderland Closed.

In order to make extensive alterations and improvements in the building, Mr. Geo. Tustin closed Wonderland Theatre on Saturday night. The theatre will remain closed for a few weeks, until the alterations have been completed. When re-opened the theatre will be very much improved, will be made nearly fireproof, and in every way an up-to-date theatre.

Rotary Club.

Rev. Douglas Ramsay, of Belleville Rotary Club, was the guest of the Napanee Rotary Club on Tuesday and delivered an inspiring address. In dealing with his subject, "Patriotism," he got down to the fundamental principles underlying the spirit of patriotism which prevails in every country of the world which is worth living in. He especially emphasized the reasons which we in Canada, have for developing this spirit of patriotism in its truest sense. Among other guests of the Club were Rev. Capt. Kenny, of Belleville, Mr. Fred Rickwood, of Toronto, Mr. Cawkell, of Toronto, Mr. J. Easton Burns, of Kingson, and D. B. Willson and Lorne Reddick, of Napanee.

Rev. C. W. DeMille Elected President.

Rev. C. W. DeMille, B.A., pastor of the King Street United Church, Oshawa, was elected president of the Bay of Quinte Conference of the United Church of Canada. Rev. Mr. DeMille was ordained into the ministry of the former Methodist church in Oshawa, twenty-four years ago, and during that time has never ceased to be a member of the Bay of Quinte Conference. Five years Mr. DeMille was actively engaged in the work of the Religious Education Council, for three years having been stationed at Regina as secretary of the Saskatchewan Council, and for two years having been general secretary for Ontario, with headquarters at Toronto. He is now completing his third year as pastor of King Street church, Oshawa. As president, Mr. DeMille is head of the adult department of the Religious Education Department of Canada, Rev. George A. McQuade, of Odessa, was elected conference secretary, succeeding Dev. Dr. C. D. Blalock, of Kingston. Rev. George A. Brown, of Chalmers Church, Kingston, retiring president of the conference, in congratulating the new president, voiced his appreciation of the co-operation of the conference members during the past year.

Convenient New Train Service to Points West of Toronto Via Canadian National Railways.

The popular fast afternoon train of the Canadian National Railways from Montreal to Toronto, the "Inter-City Limited," is now operating daily instead of daily except Sunday as heretofore This train, arriving Toronto 8.30 p.m., makes excellent connection with the New Toronto-Chicago train, the "Maple Leaf," leaving Toronto 8.55 p.m., arriving Chicago 10.15 a.m. following morning. It also provides convenient additional service from points east of Toronto, such as Brockville, Gananoque, Kingston, Napanee, Belleville, Trenton, Picton, Cobourg, Port Hope, Oshawa and Whitby, to points in Western Ontario, such as Hamilton, Brantford, Woodstock and London. The "Inter-City Limited" carries its standard sleeping car Montreal to Chicago for the benefit of through passengers and a radio-equipped observation parlor car Montreal to London, which latter will be attractive to those not going further west. Both these cars operate on the "Maple Leaf" from Toronto. Tickets, reservations and further information may be secured from any nearest Canadian National Agent. 27-c

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Persons having claims against Nancy Dingman, late of the Township of Fredericksburgh, in the County of Lennox and Addington, widow, deceased, are required to send particulars and proofs thereof to the undersigned solicitors for the executor of the estate before the 14th day of July, A.D., 1927, after which date the assets will be distributed to the parties entitled thereto.

HERRINGTON, WARNER & GBANGE,
Napanee, Ont.
Solicitors for
NATHAN B. MILLER,
28-d Executor.

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

LEAFS DEFEAT SUPREMES

On Tuesday evening, of last week, the local girls journeyed to Kingston to play a return game with the Supremes of the Kingston City League. This team had played two games in the Armouries there, and had come so close to winning each time that they were sure of a victory in their own city, but the Leafs played practically perfect ball in the field, and once they took the lead in the sixth inning, had things all their own way.

After losing to Treasures on the same diamond a few days before, when the infield made so many errors in their throwing and the outfielders caught only one ball during the entire game, they were in a mood to listen to advice from their supporters, and profited much thereby. The outfield was cleared with no errors, and the only misplay on the infield was by a player who was not in her usual position, Margaret Douglas was slightly injured in the game the week before, and was kept out of the game, Violet Whitton starting at first. She was a bit strange in her position, so Mary Skinner changed positions with her, and Violet at short played with all her accustomed pep. Mary in her unaccustomed place on the first played very well, although the two errors made by Napanee were both charged to her. Once with two out and three bases loaded, she did not cover the bag when the first ball was fielded, expecting the play to be made at the plate, and she dropped one throw, which, however, had no bearing on the outcome of the game.

Had the playing field been enclosed it is unlikely that the Supremes would have made as many runs as they did, for with two out Helen Pappas hit a ball into the crowd in left field which might have been caught had it not fallen among the crowd. Two were on bases at the time. Dorothy Johnston rose to great heights when in the eighth inning, the Supremes loaded the bases with none out. The next two batters up both fanned, and the third batter was able to reach first only through the oversight of the first baseman. The next runner went out by the pitcher's own assistance. In the sixth inning the Supremes were retired on five balls, Marion Embury having a put-out and an assist, and Ruth Dickson pulling in a fly after a long run.

It was the finest performance that the locals have shown since they won in Kingston last year from the Treasures, and if they continue to work during the summer in the same fashion, a large blue and orange pennant will fly over Riverdale Park.

Supremes—Embury, cf; M. Douglas, lf; M. Embury, 2b; M. Stidson, ss; 1b; V. Whitton, 1b, ss; H. O'Neill, 3b; M. Grass, c; R. Dickson, rf; D. Johnston, p; L. Fraser batted for I. Embury in 9th.

Kingston—F. Sinclair, 3b; E. Patterson, 2b; H. Pappas, c; C. Truesdale, 1b; P. Cambpell, cf; M. Bates, ss; M. Walker, lf; M. Pappas, rf; D. Allen, p.

Leafs..... 0 1 0 3 0 5 5 0 0—14
Supremes.. 2 0 5 0 0 0 0 1 0—8

D. Johnston and M. Grass. D. Allen and H. Pappas.

CAMDEN EAST.

On Thursday, June 2, the president and vice-president and secretary-treasurer of South Addington District Institute and ladies of Camden East, met in the Bank Hall at Camden East for the purpose of forming a Women's Institute in that village.

The president, Mrs. A. E. Hoffman, of Moscow, gave a very complete address explaining the institute work to which the vice-president, Mrs. McCallum, of Tamworth, and the secretary, Mrs. Chas. Amey, of Yarker, added further information and suggestions.

The motion was carried unanimously that an Institute branch be formed, after which the members enrolled their names and the following officers were elected:

President—Mrs. A. Salisbury.
1st Vice-President—Mrs. A. Robinson.
2nd Vice-President—Mrs. B. Yeomans.
Sec'y-Treas.—Miss May McDonald.
Programme Committee—Mrs. Victor Edgar, Mrs. Bert Amey, Mrs. G. Black, Mrs. C. Hanna.
Directors—Mrs. G. Black, Mrs. Hawley, Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. K. Amey, Mrs. Perry Scott.
District Director—Mrs. James Yeomans.

Hearty votes of thanks were tendered to the institute organizing officers, also to Mrs. G. Black for her efforts in forming the branch, and a delicious lunch of sandwiches, cakes and tea was served by the ladies. The meeting closed with the singing of the institute carol and "God Save the King."

New Brunswick is sending Jos. Clinton, of St. John's, to compete in the Canadian National Exhibition $50,000 Marathon Swim.

Finest Separator Oil, that won't freeze or gum up your machine, 25c. a quart at Wallace's. Why pay more?

Men's High Class English Kip and Box Calf Working Boots

Quality Exclusive

Imported direct from England

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SEYMOURS'

JOHN ST., near Post Office and at DUNDAS ST., Just west of Campbell House.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

Anniversary services at 11.00 and 7.00, preacher, Rev. Frank Langford, B.A.

RESTAURANT FOR BABIES

Splendid Work Being Done By Women's League in London.

Recently, writes a Tit-Bits man, I stood inside a restaurant and watched the customers—sixty-eight of them—enter. All looked eager and expectant, and received a smile and a cheery greeting from the woman who sat at a table and took the money. Not all of the sixty-eight had, but the penniless were known—and passed in.

The dining-hall is big and bright, spotlessly clean, warm, and with oilclothed tables. The dinner, of wholesome food excellently cooked, was a three-course one. It always is. But a very queer restaurant, this—for the third course you pay once a week.

Another unique feature is that men are not admitted. And all the sixty-eight had to conform to age limits. It is as unfortunate to be too young as it is to be too old. If it seems unkind, there is this to compensate—that there is no limit to, or extra charge for, the number of "helpings." I saw several customers have three helpings. One had five!

The first course is called "dinner," the second is "afters," and the third is taken by the customers as they leave—they queue up for it. That's after a bell has been rung and the whole company has stood and sung grace.

Where is this peculiar restaurant, what is the menu, and the price? For the two courses only—sixpence penny. For the third a penny a week! The restaurant is at 128 Pentonville road, near King's Cross, London, and it and kindred ones there, please, is for children only from nine months to five years. They come toddling along by themselves, or by the conveyance of mother or older brothers and sisters. These "little mothers" sit with the toddlers and help them—now and again having just a taste themselves.

The menu! It varies daily. For the "weaners"—nine to eighteen months—there is gravy, custard, bread, and chopped grass. For the others, cottage pie and greens, followed by dumplings and treacle, or something of the kind. For a penny! And the third course? A heaped spoonful of cod-liver oil and malt. Mouths open widely for it.

And who runs this? The Women's League of Service for Motherhood. It is doing magnificent work. It is saving babies. It is saving homes and streets around. It is promoting Christianity, born of hearts full of sympathy. And not only are the little ones fed, but the mothers, mothers or expectant, who attend the Centre, there are health lectures, classes for knitting, cookery, dressmaking, and so on—and twopenny dinners!

A splendid work for humanity—one need hardly say that the pennies do not cover a tithe of the cost—but sadly hampered for lack of funds. There's no money to buy more tables or chairs even. Miss Smith, the superintendent, says so much more could be done if funds were available.

EULOGY OF THE HORSE.

How Intimate Is the Comradeship Between Man and His Horse.

In his interesting book, "The Other Wiseman" by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, we find this eloquent eulogy of the horse:

"Never close, how intimate, is the comradeship between a man and his favorite horse on a long journey. It is a silent, comprehensive friendship, an interchange of deeds rather than of words. They drink at the same wayside springs, and sleep under the same guardian stars. They are companions together of the solemn spell of nightfall and the quickening joy of daybreak. The master shares his evening meal with his faithful companion and feels the soft, moist lips caressing the palm of his hand as they close over the morsel of bread. In the grey dawn he wakes to find his bivouac by the gentle stir of a warm, sweet breath over his sleeping face, and looks up into the eyes of his faithful friend, motionless, expectant and waiting for the toil of the day. Surely, unless he be a pagan and an unbeliever, the master will be led upon his God, he will thank Him for this voiceless sympathy, this dumb devotion, and his morning prayer will embrace the welfare of his companion both, and keep our feet from falling and our souls from death! And then, through the keen morning air, the swift hoofs beat out a varied music along the road, keeping time to the pulsing of two hearts that are moved with the same desire and pleasure—to conquer space, to devour distance, to attain the goal of the journey."

Canadian Tobacco for England.

Canada is sending increasing supplies of tobacco to the West of England, according to the Trade Commissioner at Bristol. One organization has built a factory in Ontario, have their own buyers, and are packing the leaf, Canadian Burley, to suit the English trade. Consumers in England are getting used to Canadian tobacco and with the Empire preferential duty, which amounts to 18 cents per pound less than the duty on foreign tobacco, increased quantities of Canadian Burley will find their way to the United Kingdom.

A Yeoman

A yeoman is a small farmer or countryman, but it is used generally in this country in a state, a landowner working his own farm. A military corps known as Yeomen of the Guards was formed in England by Henry VII. The Yeomanry was a body of volunteers formed during the wars with Napoleon, and organized according to counties. Yeomanry regiments were also raised during the South African War.

U. S. National Wealth.

The national wealth of the United States was $355,300,000,000 in 1925, it has been estimated by the National Industrial Conference Board. For 1912 the census estimate was $18,300,000,000. The term "national wealth" represents tangible objects only and therefore excludes credits and currency.

Cement!

A full car of Portland cement now in. Let us supply you.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

PICTON Horse Races

Postponed to

Wednesday, June 15

$1400 in Purses; $350 in each of four Classes.
2.16 Trot, 2.20 Trot or Pace, 2.14 Trot or Pace, Named Race.
Entries for races close on June 11

BASEBALL SPORTS
GRAND DANCE IN ARMOURIES

Spend an enjoyable half-holiday in Picton

ALEX P. MacVANNEL,
Secretary.

DR. E. M. HERRINGTON,
Chairman of Races.

VanLuven's Screened Scranton Coal

Let us have your order now while the price is low on this SCRANTON QUALITY Coal, and we carry a full stock for your requirements all the year round—not for just to-day.

'Phone 92.

28-a

Brighten Up.

Use Martin-Senour 100% pure paints, varnishes and lacquers for your spring painting. Glass, oils and lead.

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Case Steam Engines and Kerosene Tractors

(All Sizes)

All sizes Case Threshers

Also CLOVER HULLERS that handle Alsike to Coarsest Sweet Clover in one operation. Equal to best Clover Huller. Cost of one machine and moving same does all.

Prices right, and no better machinery made.

JAS. E. CLARK

At the Campbell House, Napanee

28

TOWN OF NAPANEE DEBENTURES FOR SALE

The Council of the Corporation of the Town of Napanee are offering for sale to the people of Napanee and vicinity the following Serial Debentures of the Town of Napanee. The principal is payable in instalments on May the 1st of each year commencing on May 1st, 1928. The interest is at the rate of 5% and is payable semi-annually on the 1st of May and the 1st of November each year. The Debentures will be sold with interest added from the 1st of May, 1927, to date of delivery to purchaser.

Following is a list of the Debentures showing the amount of each, and the date they mature.

20 Year Debenture. Amount, $15,855.00. By-Law No. 1255.

Debenture No. 1,	Due May 1st, 1928	Amount	$ 500.00
Debenture No. 2,	Due May 1st, 1929	Amount	500.00
Debenture No. 3,	Due May 1st, 1930	Amount	500.00
Debenture No. 4,	Due May 1st, 1931	Amount	555.00
Debenture No. 5,	Due May 1st, 1932	Amount	600.00
Debenture No. 6,	Due May 1st, 1933	Amount	600.00
Debenture No. 7,	Due May 1st, 1934	Amount	650.00
Debenture No. 8,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	650.00
Debenture No. 9,	Due May 1st, 1936	Amount	700.00
Debenture No. 10,	Due May 1st, 1937	Amount	750.00
Debenture No. 11,	Due May 1st, 1938	Amount	800.00
Debenture No. 12,	Due May 1st, 1939	Amount	850.00
Debenture No. 13,	Due May 1st, 1940	Amount	900.00
Debenture No. 14,	Due May 1st, 1941	Amount	900.00
Debenture No. 15,	Due May 1st, 1942	Amount	950.00
Debenture No. 16,	Due May 1st, 1943	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 17,	Due May 1st, 1944	Amount	1050.00
Debenture No. 18,	Due May 1st, 1945	Amount	1100.00
Debenture No. 19,	Due May 1st, 1946	Amount	1150.00
Debenture No. 20,	Due May 1st, 1947	Amount	1200.00
			$15855.00

10 Year Debenture. Amount, $12,080.82. By-Law No. 1256

Debenture No. 1,	Due May 1st, 1928	Amount	$ 980.82
Debenture No. 2,	Due May 1st, 1929	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 3,	Due May 1st, 1930	Amount	1100.00
Debenture No. 4,	Due May 1st, 1931	Amount	1100.00
Debenture No. 5,	Due May 1st, 1932	Amount	1200.00
Debenture No. 6,	Due May 1st, 1933	Amount	1200.00
Debenture No. 7,	Due May 1st, 1934	Amount	1300.00
Debenture No. 8,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1300.00
Debenture No. 9,	Due May 1st, 1936	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 10,	Due May 1st, 1936	Amount	400.00
Debenture No. 11,	Due May 1st, 1937	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 12,	Due May 1st, 1937	Amount	500.00
			$12080.82

There will also be offered for sale Debentures to the amount of $15,800.00

In this case the total Principal will be due and payable on May 1st, 1935. Interest at the rate of 5% will be payable annually on May 1st of each year. Following is a list of the Debentures showing the amount of each Debenture and the date they mature:

8 Year Debenture. Amount, $15,800.00. By-Law No. 1258

Debenture No. 1,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	$ 800.00
Debenture No. 2,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 3,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 4,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 5,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 6,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 7,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 8,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 9,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 10,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 11,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 12,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 13,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 14,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 15,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
Debenture No. 16,	Due May 1st, 1935	Amount	1000.00
			$15,800.00

The Debentures are now available and any person desirous of making a safe and convenient investment should get in touch with the Town Treasurer at once. Debentures and Interest Coupons are made payable at the office of the Town Treasurer, of can be cashed at any bank in Napanee.

Address all communications to MARK P. GRAHAM, Treasurer, Town of Napanee.

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO.

Has for 56 years maintained the highest standards in thorough business training. Students come here from Newfoundland, Bermuda, British West Indies, South America, the United States and all parts of Canada.
Write for The College catalogue.

I. L. MOORE, Principal.

dec-21

Best, cheapest and goes farthest

We have always maintained that Magic is the cheapest baking powder because it goes the farthest. And that is also the opinion of the many thousands of housewives who use it constantly.

Mrs. B. Marsh, Prescott, Ont., recently wrote:—

"I have tried all kinds of baking powder, but I have found that Magic is the best, cheapest, and goes the farthest. My pastries are as light as a feather and I shall never use any other baking powder but Magic."

Ask for and insist on getting "Magic" Baking Powder. No other is "just the same."

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD,
TORONTO, CANADA

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER

"STILL SERVING"

What the Red Cross is doing for the Good of Canada

For the Veteran

Befriends 3,500 soldiers still in hospital . . . relieves sickness and need in their families . . . cares for the soldier settler . . . provides sheltered employment for the disabled in three Veterans' Workshops.

For the Children

Through Junior Red Cross, has aided 5,000 crippled children and has pledged over 137,000 school children to practice health habits and to serve others.

For the Pioneer

Brings nursing service to those in frontier districts through 39 Outpost Hospitals and Nursing Stations.

For the New Canadian

Welcomes and gives needed attention to immigrant mothers and children at three Seaport Nurseries.

For the Mothers and Daughters

In Home Nursing Classes, has taught principles of nursing, diet and home hygiene to over 12,000 women and girls.

For the Disaster Victim

Is organized to afford prompt relief to sufferers from fire, flood and epidemic.

Nation-Wide Appeal

Canadian Red Cross Society

Send Contributions to
Ontario Division, Canadian Red Cross Society,
410 Sherbourne Street, Toronto 5, Ontario

OIL FOULING WATERS

Sea-Bathers On Britain's Coast Complain of Oil Patches.

During the summer months millions of people in Britain journey to the various coastal resorts for their annual holiday, and once again we hear the wail of protest that is raised every holiday season against the effects of those dark patches of oil, the refuse of steam vessels, that are fouling the coasts in increasing numbers.

Many people wonder why steamers pour valuable oil upon the waters. This is the explanation, writes Commander Sir Warden Chilcott, D.F.C., M.P., in Tit-Bits. An oil-burning steamer is "double skinned." That is, there is a space between its outer and inner shells for the storage of oil. As the oil is consumed, water is poured into the emptied tanks to maintain the vessel on an even keel.

Before she can be re-fuelled the water ballast in her tanks must be emptied. When the water is poured away it carries with it a large proportion of thick oil that remains adhering to the sides and bottom of the tanks. It is an offence to discharge this mixture of oil and water within a harbor, but both British and foreign vessels easily evade the law by emptying their tanks at night time or a few miles out at sea. Within a few hours a favorable wind will have blown the patch of oil shorewards.

There exist several excellent contrivances by which the discharged fluid may be separated into its components, comparatively pure water returning to the sea, and the valuable oil product retained. These oil separators are not expensive and would more than pay for themselves in a single season in the amount of oil saved. In fact, one firm has offered to instal them in vessels free of charge, provided they may keep the oil that would otherwise be poured away.

Directly the waste oil is released, it forms a moving island on the surface of the water which rapidly collects all the flotsam and jetsam in its tracks to form a foul patch of contamination that is at once a snare for fish and birds. The former swim up from below and are poisoned by the oil; the birds swoop down for food, their wings become smeared with the tarry mixture, and they die a horrible lingering death, adding their bodies to the rotten mass.

These oil islands have driven whole families of fishermen out of business. The oil clogs and ruins their nets as well as contaminating areas that have been baited for fish.

To aircraft oil pollution is a positive menace. If a [illegible] plane hits a patch, the floats are clogged and the machine turns somersault over. Numbers of bathers narrowly escape drowning when attempting to avoid or when caught in these patches of refuse, which increase every year, while literally thousands of visitors have had their clothes ruined through sitting on benches over which the oil has washed.

No British oil-burning steamer should be allowed to enter port without its proper oil-separating apparatus. Such a ban would do much to sweep the coasts clean in one season.

Gypsy Superstitions.

Gypsies are very superstitious, particularly in their fear of the dead. They believe that so long as the possessions of a dead gypsy remain intact, his ghost will visit them and ill-luck and misfortune will dog the camp. They never utter the names of the dead, and for a long time after a death they will not eat or drink anything that was a favorite of the departed. On the day after the funeral all the clothes and other belongings are solemnly burned. Then all the crockery and utensils are broken and thrown into the nearest running water. Sometimes even the horse of a dead gypsy is destroyed.

PAINLESS DISEASE DANGEROUS.

Existence of Pain Is One of the Riddles of the Universe.

Seeing a vast and apparently unnecessary amount of human and animal pain and suffering, some people cry in their despair: "I cannot understand it; therefore it is not understandable; therefore there is no God." Without entering into theological controversy, a little commonsense is quite sufficient to expose the shallowness of this particular argument, says the Yorkshire Post.

So long as living matter is the vulnerable, easily damaged substance that it is, pain is not only beneficial, but absolutely essential for its very existence, for bodily discomfort is the one great danger signal which not even the ignorant can ignore. It is by far the commonest symptom which takes a patient to his doctor for advice or treatment, and from a medical point of view it is unfortunate that pain is not more frequent, and therefore more trustworthy as a danger indicator, says a writer in the Toronto Globe.

The racing pain of toothache, though unpleasant, is really salutary, in that it compels the sufferer to seek dental treatment which would otherwise be neglected. The pity of it is that all septic teeth do not ache, for there are thousands of people poisoning themselves in this way simply because they feel no pain.

The acute discomfort arising from the presence of a piece of grit in the eye is another example of the benign and divine usefulness of pain. The eye, being exquisitely delicate and very easily damaged, has a hair-trigger adjustment to its pain-perceiving mechanism, which is protective in function.

The great difficulty which confronts the medical profession in the war upon cancer is the fact that, contrary to popular opinion, cancer is not a painful disease in the early stages. This lack of a warning signal not only causes many unfortunates to delay seeking advice until too late, but also renders the diagnosis more difficult.

DRINKING A "TOAST."

Word Was First Used In the Days of Charles II.

The word "toast," used in the drinking of healths, is derived from the piece of toasted bread or biscuit that was at one time put into the tankard, and which still floats in the Loving Cups of the Universities and the Inns of Court. By a natural transference of meaning, the word came to be used for the drink itself. To toast a person, then, was to drink a toast to his good health. From this, again, it was an easy transition to another meaning—namely, the person toasted.

It is said that the first time the word was used in the last-mentioned sense was at Bath, in the days of Charles II. "It happened" runs the story, "that a noble duke of celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company.

"There was in the place a gay fellow, a half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution, yet this whim gave foundation to the present honor, which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a 'toast'."

A man, evidently intent on putting a sting into the tail of his compliment, once gave as a toast: "To the first woman, the mother of us all; even though she was according to the old story, from a side-glance."

A well-known man, in proposing "the Ladies," broke down in his intended quotation, and ended by saying something he did not mean. He got through the first line, then stammered and broke down at the critical point:

"Here's to the Love that lies in woman's eyes,
And lies . . . and lies . . . and lies!"

Air Sacs In Lungs.

If all the little air sacs in the lungs of an adult were spread out they would cover an area of 100 square yards.

Wasted Millions.

Through burning coal instead of some smokeless fuel, Britain is losing millions of pounds a year. Forty million tons of coal are burnt annually in households alone, and this represents a loss estimated at two and a half million pounds, said Prof. J. B. Cohen, of Leeds University, recently.

The amount lost on industrial consumption in solid fuel is at those millions. Inefficient heating appliances cause a yearly loss of anything between two and thirty million tons, while the amount of money wasted on account of washing due to smoke is incredible. In Manchester the amount expended on extra washing approaches a quarter of a million pounds a year.

Coke, gas, and electricity, all cleaner and more efficient, were suggested by Prof. Cohen as substitutes for coal.

Always fresh! Your favorite Laura Secord Candy, direct from the Toronto studio, at Wallace's, 60c. a lb.

BUILDING OWN AIRCRAFT

CANADA TO HAVE FIVE NEW TYPES.

Is Making Her Own So Well That Others Are Not Nearly So Good—The "Vedette" Became a Reality In 1924—Other Types Added.

Canada to-day is building her own aircraft, and not only that: she is building them so well that others are not nearly so good. In support of this statement reference has but to be made to the great nest of Canadian Vickers, Limited, in the east end of the City of Montreal, where Canadian industry is hatching broods of sturdy amphibious creatures, large and small, in response to the will of Governments, corporations and individuals, and to the case of J. Dalzell McKee, of Pittsburg, Pa., well-known American "birdman," who has selected two Canadian Vickers flying boats for his own use in preference to those of non-Canadian manufacture, and in spite of competitive pressure in his own country.

The Federal Government, though the largest user of Canadian Vickers planes, is by no means the only one. Provincial Governments, pulp and paper, air photography, and other corporations and numerous individuals are present employers of Vickers types.

While not only is the industry itself, but the practice of air navigation, comparatively in its infancy in this country, as in others, the potentialities of development in Canada are enormous, according to Royal Canadian Air Force, topographical survey, forest conservation, postal service, transportation and other authorities.

The birth of the Canadian aircraft industry may be said to have occurred in 1923, though machines were built in this country during the latter part of the Great War for war purposes. In that year the Royal Canadian Air Force decided to operate a civil service in Manitoba, and asked for tenders of machines suitable for forestry patrol. Out of a number of designs submitted, the Vickers "Viking Mark IV." was selected as the best for the purpose. The machine was a five-seater flying boat, equipped with a wheeled landing gear that could be used when desired, and the power plant was a 350-horsepower Eagle IX. water-cooled engine capable of driving the machine at a speed of 110 miles per hour.

Some months of operation, however, established that this machine was not quite the most desirable for the sort of work cut out for it. The result was the bringing about of a type of aircraft, peculiarly suitable to the special needs of this country. This involved the proposal that such craft should be both designed and built in Canada on a considerable scale. With the launching of the Vickers "Vedette" in October, 1924, the first machine to be both designed and built in this country became a reality.

Actual operation proved the "Vedette" to be a first-class machine and a considerable advance over the "Avro" type. At this time designs were completed and accepted for another type of flying boat, equipped with fire-fighting apparatus and carrying a crew of seven men. Important provisions had to be considered in the design of this machine. One was the necessity that the machine should be able to take-off in a minimum space; this to enable the landings to be made safely on the smallest of lakes, thus enabling the fire-fighters to get as close as possible to the point of fire outbreak.

This type was the "Varuna," a considerably larger boat than the "Vedette." Twin engines of similar make are fitted, each with an independent gas supply and capable of running at full throttle for three hours. The ship can carry a useful load, including the crew, of 1,260 pounds, the total weight of the machine "all up" being 5,600 pounds.

A three-seater machine, carrying a pilot, a photographer and a navigator, to be known as the "Velos," now in process of construction, marks quite a departure from the flying boat type. The flying boat that will be of interest to the largest number of laymen, the "Vista," is the next thing in a forest patrol machine. The "Verderer" also will make its appearance this summer. It is a two-seated bi-plane designed for forest patrol. Then there is the "Venesan," a four-passenger (exclusive of pilot) machine suitable for flying at any time of the year.

The Federal Government has from the start exercised close supervision and inspection in relation to every machine brought out by the Vickers Canadian organization. From the time the first figure goes on paper, and it takes about 1,500 separate drawings to design an average flying boat, every calculation, stress, strain, piece of material and workmanship is closely checked and double-checked by departmental experts and the Vickers Canadian technical staff.

Britain Eating More Meat.

More meat is being eaten in Great Britain, the consumption last year working out at 1,000 tons a week than in 1925.

Fourteen Pairs of Twins.

Among the 900 pupils in a school in Dundee, Scotland, there are fourteen pairs of twins; eighteen girls and ten boys.

PROPPING UP ST. PAUL'S.

Workmen Busily Engaged on Work of Strengthening the Fabric.

The thousands of people from all parts of the world who will visit St. Paul's Cathedral, London, during the summer will, so far as the interior is concerned, be disappointed. Work of restoration is going on, and the whole of the space beneath the dome has been boxed in, so that nothing can now be seen of the magnificent reredos and choir-stalls. Within this enclosure is a bewildering network of scaffolding, upon which workmen are busily engaged on the work of strengthening the fabric. With the huge dome arching above the scene reminds one of the interior of a great hive.

On entering the cathedral, the vistas of nave and aisle are cut off in the middle distance by a temporary partition that rises to the roof, shutting out the light, and imparting a dark and sombre effect to the whole interior.

But in spite of these disadvantages the visitor may still see much of interest, such as the Chapel of St. Michael and St. George, which contains a magnificent screen of carved oak and is the religious centre of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George. Then there is St. Dunstan's Chapel, and the ancient Chapel of St. Faith in the crypt. The former contains a beautiful apse, rich in mosaic decoration, one panel having for its subject, the central feature of Raphael's "Disputa."

CARUSO'S COSTUMES.

Mrs. Caruso Presents Canadian With Robes and Jewels.

Mrs. Enrico Caruso has presented Edward Johnson, Canadian tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, with a generous supply of the operatic costumes from the wardrobe of Enrico Caruso, among them most of those of "Don Grieux," of "Manon," of "Samson," of the "Lodoletta," of "Mascani," and all of the part of "Radames." These costumes are in themselves very beautiful, being made from priceless old tapestries, satins and velvets. They are hand sewed and hand embroidered, and many are beautifully and heavily jewelled. Mrs. Caruso acquired of Mr. Johnson which of Caruso's roles he was taking up at the Metropolitan or anticipated in his doing—and then offered him the famous Caruso's beautiful robes and jewels of many of these parts.

"Of course," she added, "I would never part with the Canio costume in 'Pagliacci,' as I intend that our daughter Gloria shall have it as the priceless and justly famous of all operatic heirlooms."

A Mile Under the Sea.

Little is known of the ocean depths in the vicinity of the Equator, and to facilitate research work there a special steel diving tank is being constructed. This tank will have to withstand the pressure, exceeding a ton to the square inch, encountered 5,000 feet below the surface.

It is hoped that this tank will enable man to go deeper down into the sea than ever before—at least to the depth of a mile. At this depth the ocean bottom is richly illuminated by the luminous organs of the fish there.

The tank is cylindrical in shape, 7 feet high and 1½ feet in diameter, and photographs can be taken through its glass windows.

F. C. MARTIN & SON

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Prompt attention to night or day calls.

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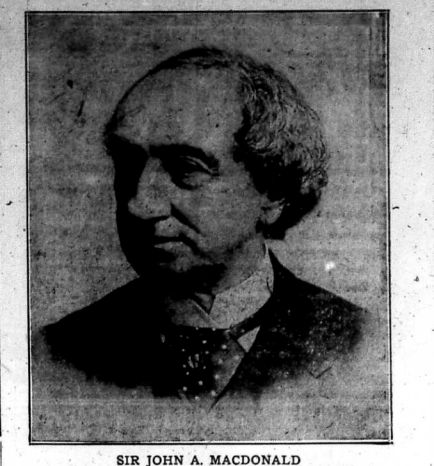


SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

Canada's First Premier, whose term of office began shortly after Confederation, the 60th anniversary of which is being observed this year.

The Objects of Service Clubs

In practically all towns and communities there are now Service Clubs of various kinds, which, while perhaps devoting a great part of their energies to specific lines of endeavor, nevertheless have one outstanding predominating characteristic common to all. That is the establishing between man and man, whether competitor or not, whether rich or poor, whether of high or low degree in the community, a spirit of co-operation, good will and mutual helpfulness. It is becoming daily more evident that much more can be accomplished, and much better conditions established, if men will work in harmony; if they will help and support each other; if they will so conduct their affairs as to be reasonably fair to all with whom they may have business dealings.

The principle can best be exemplified, so far as business and professional men are concerned, by extending to each other in any community such business patronage as we may have to hand out, rather than extend such favors to those from distant towns or cities. Give to your home business houses all the patronage you possibly can.

When in need of printed matter of any kind, consult

The Napanee Express Printing House

Issued by the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association
313 Manning Chambers, Toronto.

The Profit Lies in the Finish.

IT PAYS to market cattle with the proper degree of finish. A quality product always commands a premium and is readily saleable at a profitable price. If you have stock which needs a little more time for finishing, and the feed is scarce, see the local manager of the Standard Bank. It is a simple matter to arrange a loan to carry the stock until a favorable market warrants a profitable sale.

BANKING FIFTY YEARS

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, Manager
Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Tamworth

CANADA'S THREE SCORE YEARS OF NATIONHOOD

MINING

Partners of the Tide

...By...

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri"

Copyright, 1926, by A. L. Burnes & Co.

But that promise the boy would not make, although the argument lasted for an hour and ended in his being sent to his room without his supper.

"It looks to me," said Miss Prissy that night, "as if we'd got about as much on our hands as you and me could handle, Temply."

"It certainly does," agreed her sister nervously. "I think it's our duty to ask Cap'n Titcomb's advice right off."

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the captain called, which he did the next forenoon, the tale of Bradley's eventful first day at school was told him in all its harrowing completeness. Miss Prissy, by previous agreement, acted as story teller, and Miss Temply was a sort of chorus, breaking in every few moments to supply a neglected detail or comment on a particular feature.

"And we didn't know what to do," concluded Miss Prissy. "He won't goin' to tell us whose dog it was, and"—

"I don't b'lieve he ever would have told," broke in Miss Temply, "if that 'dog gir!' herself hadn't come bouncin' in, and"—

"And he won't promise not to speak to her again, neither," continued the older sister. "We sent him to bed without any supper"—

"That is, after real supper," interrupted the chorus. "Of course we took up some cookies and things when we found he wouldn't come down, but"—

"And he won't promise this morning, and he went to school without promisin'. What do you think we ought to do, Cap'n Titcomb?"

"She's noisy and a tomboy," said Miss Prissy decidedly.

"Yes," said Miss Temply; "and she likes those dreadful dogs."

"Em—hmm," answered their visitor, with unimpeachable seriousness. "Of course that's a terrible drag, but maybe she'll cut 'em adrift when she gits older."

"Well, we don't like her," said Miss Prissy, with decision. "And we wish you'd speak to Bradley about it. You know," she added, looking down, "I got a lot of dependence in your judgment, Cap'n Titcomb."

"So do I," said Miss Temply quickly; "jest as much as Prissy does. I b'lieve in you absolutely, Cap'n Ezra."

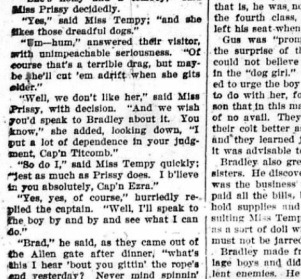
"Yes, yes, of course," hurriedly replied the captain. "Well, I'll speak to the boy by and by and see what I can do."

"Brad," he said, as they came out of the Allen gate after dinner, "what's this I hear 'bout you gittin' the rope's end yesterday? Never mind spinnin' the whole yarn. I can'late I've heard the most of it. You and the Hammond boy had a scrimmage, too, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Bradley doggedly.

"Hum! Think you'd have licked him if the skipper hadn't took a hand?"

Bradley looked up at his questioner, saw the twinkle in his eye and an-



"Think you'd have licked him?"

swered with a sheepish grin: "Don't know. Guess I'd have tried mighty hard."

The captain roared. "I presume likely you would," he chuckled. "I understand you've sort of took that little Baker craft next door in tow. She seems like a smart girl. Do you like her?"

"Yes, sir."

"I judge Prissy and Temply wouldn't enter her for the cup. Now, Brad, mind I ain't coaxin' you to go back on a friend, but the old mai—that is, your ladies at home, have set out to make a man of you. They're your owners, and you're expected to sail 'cordin' to their orders. If there's one thing that I've always stuck to it's 'bey orders or break owners.' Sometimes owners' orders don't jibe exactly with your own ideas, but never mind—they pay the wages, see?"

"She's a good girl," said the boy stoutly. "She came in and took my part when she didn't have to, and I like her. And I won't promise not to speak to her, neither."

The captain looked down at the lad's square jaw and whistled.

"Well," he said, "I don't b'lieve you need to promise, but don't whoop too loud about it. Run as close to the wind as you can, and don't carry all sail in a two reef breeze just to show you ain't afraid to. Catch my drift?"

"Yes, sir," answered Bradley, rather doubtfully. "You mean be chums with the girl, but don't tell Miss Prissy and Miss Temply about it."

"Now!" Captain Ezra looked somewhat out out by the liberal interpretation. "That ain't jest it. Be—well, be easy, and— Oh, thunder! Let it go at that. I guess you know what I mean. How do you think you're goin' to like your school?"

Bradley answered, "Pretty well, I guess, when I got more used to it," but, although he did not say so, he was stock in that. 'Cap'n Ez,' I says, 'has been courtin' too many times sence I can remember.' I says, 'I wonder 'twas Mary Emma Cahoon, 'nother time 'twas Seth Wingate's sister's gal, then ag'in 'twas'"—

"All right! All right!" broke in the captain, glancing hurriedly at Bradley. "Never mind that. How's the quahaugin' nowadays? Gittin' a fair price?"

"Pretty fair," replied Peleg. Then with the persistency of the born gossip, not to be so easily diverted from his subject, he went on: "I told M'lissy that, but she said there wan't scarcely a doubt that you meant business this time. Said you fetched presents last time you come home. Said the only doubt in folks' minds was whether 'twas Prissy or Temply you was after. Said she was sure you was after one on 'em, 'cause she as much as asked 'em one time when she was at their house, and they didn't deny it."

Mr. Myrick talked steadily on this and other subjects all the way to the wharf, but Captain Ezra was silent and thoughtful. He shook hands with Bradley at the gate of the Traveler's Rest and said goodby in an absentminded way.

"I s'pose you'll be 'round to dinner Sunday, Cap'n Ez?" said the boy.

"Hey? Sunday? Well, I don't know. It might be that I shall be called back to the schooner sooner than I expect. Can't tell."

Sure enough, the next day the sisters received a note from their expected guest saying that he was obliged to leave at once for Portland and could not, therefore, be with them on Sunday. The ladies were disappointed, but thought nothing more of the matter at the time. It was nearly six months before the captain visited Orham again, and during this visit he did not come near the big house. He waylaid Bradley, however, asked him all about himself, how he was getting on at school and the like, but when the boy asked if he, the captain, wasn't "comin' round to see the folks pretty soon" the answer was vague and unsatisfactory.

"Why, I—I don't know's I'll have time," was the reply. "I'm pretty busy, and— Give 'em my regards, will you, Brad? I've got to be runnin' on now. So long."

It was the same during the next "shore leave," the following November. Captain Titcomb saw Bradley several times, gave him a six bladed jackknife and took him for a drive over to the big cranberry swamp owned by the Ostable company, but he did not call on the old ladies.

Three more years of school and vacations, with "chores" and sailing and cranberry picking, followed. Bradley was sixteen. His voice, having passed through the squeaky "changing" period, now gave evidence of becoming what Miss Tempy called a "beautiful loubie bass, jest like father's." He was large for his age, and his shoulders were square. He was more particular about his clothes now, and his neckties were no longer selected by Miss Tempy. To be seen with girls was not so "sissified" in his mind as it used to be, but he still stuck to Gus, and she was his "best choice" at parties, and he saw her home from prayer meeting occasionally.

As for the "dog girl" herself, she, too, paid more attention to her clothes than before—though still numerous and just as disreputable in appearance—were made to behave with more decorum. Her hair was carefully braided now, her dresses came down to her boot tops, and Miss Tempy grudgingly admitted that "if 'twas anybody else, I should say she was likely to be good lookin' when she grows up."

The "last day" came, and Bradley and Gus were to graduate. In Orham there is no graduation day. The eventful ending of the winter term is the "last day," and all the parents and relatives, together with the school committee and the clergymen, visit the school to sit stiffly on the settees and witness the ceremonies.

That evening after the "last day" exercises at school Bradley sat at home reading in the dining room. Miss Tempy, in the sitting room, was going over, for the fortieth time since it was written, the wonderful argument in favor of a "republican form of government," which Bradley had composed and had read at the school that day. As her sister entered the room she dropped the roll of paper in her lap and said solemnly:

"Prissy Allen, it's my belief that when that boy first came here and I said that I wanted him to go to college and be a minister I was inspired. I declare I do! I've jest been readin' that piece of his again, and it beats any sermon I ever heard."

Miss Prissy seated herself in a rocker and looked solemnly at her sister. For a minute she gazed without speaking. Then suddenly, as if she had made up her mind, she rose, gave the dining room door a swing that would have shut it completely had not the corner of a mat interfered, and, coming back

"Temply, we've hardly got any money left!"

to her chair, said slowly, "Tempy, I'm afraid we'll never be able to send Bradley to college."

The precious manuscript fell from Miss Tempy's lap to the floor.

"Why—why, Prissy Allen!" she exclaimed. "What do you mean?"

"I mean we can't do what we've hoped to do. Oh, dear! I—I don't know what we'll do. Tempy, we've hardly got any money left!"

CHAPTER V.

FOR a moment Miss Tempy made no reply to her sister's speech. Instead she sat there with her eyes fixed upon Miss Prissy's face and her thin fingers picking nervously at her dress.

"Haven't got any money?" she repeated after a pause. "Haven't got any money left? Why, then—why, then, we'll have to take it out of the savin's bank up to Boston. Of course, Bradley must go to college. You know he must, Prissy."

But Miss Prissy shook her head.

"You don't understand, Tempy," she said. "I ought to have talked with you about it long ago. I can see now that I ought to, but, oh, dear, father always said you was too delicate to bother with money matters, and I've been used to takin' all the care myself, and so I've just gone on addin' on, worryin' and planin' and lyin' awake nights until I can't go on any further. Oh, Tempy," she cried, and the tears rolled down her cheeks, "you don't understand. The money in the Boston bank has all gone too. We haven't got more than $500 left in the world, and when that's gone"—She waved her hands despairingly.

But still Miss Tempy did not comprehend.

"Why, all of it can't be gone!" she said. "All of the insurance money and everything! Why, it was $5,000!" She mentioned the sum reverently and in an awestruck whisper.

"Yes," said Miss Prissy, trying hard not to be impatient; "yes, 'twas $5,000, and father died over ten years ago, and we've been livin' on it ever since."

"But $5,000, Prissy! Five thousand"—

"Oh, my soul and body! Anybody'd think 'twas a million. Jest think, now; jest think! We've lived on it for pretty nigh eleven years; paid for our clothes and livin' and havin' the house painted six years ago, and"—

"But it needed paintin'."

"Needed it! I should think it did! But it cost more'n we'd ought to spend, jest the same. Oh, it's more my fault than anybody's, Tempy. Father left us the place was kept up, and you and me was used to havin' things as good as our neighbors, and I went on and on, never thinkin' we was too extravagant until all at once the money that we first put in the Harniss bank was used up. And then it come home to me, as you might say, and I realized what we'd been doin'. Oh, I've tried and tried; scrimped here and pinched there. What do you s'pose I sold the wood lot for? 'Twas the only thing we could sell, and it was too much trouble to run 'em."

"Said! Oh, I don't doubt I said all sorts of things to keep you from knowin'. But I sold 'em to help pay the bills. And then you was took down with the typhoid, and there was that big doctor's bill, and then Bradley needed to be had to have clothes and a little money to spend, like the other boys. And now!"

Miss Prissy choked, tried to go on, and then broke down and cried heartily and without restraint.

In all the years since the death of Captain Allen Miss Tempy had never seen her common sense, practical sister give way like this. The sight alarmed and grieved more than the story of the financial situation had so far done. She didn't fully understand the latter yet, but every one of Miss Prissy's sobs was to her a call for help that needed an immediate answer.

"There, there, there, dear," she said, running to the other rocker and putting her arm around her sister's neck. "You poor thing! You mustn't cry like that. You've just worried yourself sick. You're all worn out. I shouldn't be surprised if you've got a little cold, too, in that drafty schoolhouse. Let me make you a good, big cup of pepper tea right away, now do."

Miss Prissy turned a sob into a feeble laugh.

"Oh, dear me, Tempy," she said, laying her hand on the other's arm, "I b'lieve you think pepper tea'll cure anything, even an empty pocketbook. I wish 'twould pay bills; then, I don't know but I'd drink a hogshead. But it won't, nor cryin' won't, either. Set down, and I'll tell you jest how things are."

So Miss Tempy, reluctantly giving up the "pepper tea" idea for the present, went back to her chair, and Miss Prissy continued:

"The money in the Boston savin's bank is gone," she said, "and a year or more ago I wrote to the broker folks that bought the bond for us when father died, and they sold it for me and got a little less than a thousand dollars for it. I put the money into the bank at Harniss, and, though I've tried my best to be economical, there ain't but a few hundred and eighty left. That and the place here is all we've got."

In a bewildered fashion Miss Tempy strove to grasp the situation.

"Then we're poor," she said, "real poor, and I thought we was rich. Well, I shall give up that new bonnet I was goin' to have next spring, and I s'pose I hadn't ought to subscribe to the Comforter either. I did think so much of it."

"I'm afraid we'll have to give up more than the Comforter, Tempy. I've thought and thought till my poor head is nearly worn through. We might sell the place here, but 'twould be like sellin' our everlastin' souls—if 'tain't unreligious to say it—and, besides, property at Orham is so low now that we'd only get half 't it's worth, and when that money's spent there wouldn't be anything left."

"Sell the place! Leave the place! Why, Prissy Allen, how can you talk so? Where would we live?"

"Well, we might live a little house down at South Orham or somewheres."

"South Orham! Where all those Portuguese and things live? I'd rather die!" And it was Miss Tempy's turn to cry.

"You needn't cry for that, Tempy. We won't sell yet awhile. Not till there's nothin' left. But we must have the barn shingled, and as for Bradley's goin' to college, that, I'm afraid, is out of the question."

"Oh, dear, dear! And the barn looks awful. Melissy Busted was sayin' only last week that folks was wond'rin' when we was goin' to have it fixed. And poor Bradley! My heart was set on his bein' a minister. I don't know but I'd live in the poorhouse to make him one. They say Mr. Otis keeps a real nice poorhouse, too," she added.

Miss Prissy smiled dolefully. "It hain't got to the poorhouse yet," she said, "and I hope we can send Bradley through high school anyhow. But we'll have to scrimp awful, and we must try to earn some money. I was talkin' to Abigail Mullett at the church fair last August, and she spoke about those aprons and one thing or another that I made and said she never saw such hemmin' and tuckin'. She said she'd give anything if she could get somebody to do such work for her in the dressmakin' season. I've been thinkin' maybe she'd put out some of her work to me if I asked her to. She owns more dressmakin' than anybody around; has customers 'way over to Ostable and keeps three girls sometimes. And you know how the summer folks bought those knit shawls of yours, Tempy. Well, I don't doubt you could get orders for lots more. We'll try, and we'll let Bradley start at high school and see how we make it go."

So Miss Tempy brightened up, and in a few minutes she had in her mind sold so many shawls and Miss Prissy had done so well with her hemming and tucking that she saw them putting themselves out of the question of taking it out. In fact, she was getting rich so fast in her dreams that her sister didn't have the heart to throw more cold water at this time. And even Miss Prissy herself felt unwarrantably hopeful. She had borne the family burdens so long that to share the knowledge of them with another was a great relief. They discussed ways and means for a half hour longer, and then Miss Tempy insisted on getting that "pepper tea."

"I honestly believe," she said, "that if I hadn't took pepper tea steady for the last four or five years I shouldn't be here now. That and Bladelt's cauliflor is what's kept me strength to bear most anything, even the prospects of the poorhouse. Thank goodness, I've got a new bottle of emulsion, and pepper tea's cheap, so I shan't have to get into debt either. I'll make the place was kept up, and you and me was used to havin' things as good as our neighbors, and I went on and on, never thinkin' we was too extravagant until all at once the money that we first put in the Harniss bank was used up. And then it come home to me, as you might say, and I realized what we'd been doin'. Oh, I've tried and tried; scrimped here and pinched there. What do you s'pose I sold the wood lot for? 'Twas the only thing we could sell, and it was too much trouble to run 'em."

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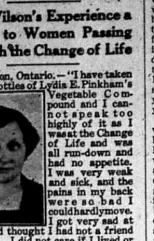
TO WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Wilson's Experience a Guide to Women Passing through the Change of Life



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Noted Scottist Portrait Painter Lived Life Apart From Other Artists.

One hundred years ago, although famous in Scotland, Raeburn was not well known in England. The painter who could paint a pretty portrait better than anybody, was the favorite then, and although Raeburn was a full member of the Royal Academy, it was some time before this rugged, direct, uncompromising Scotsman entered into his full glory in the south. Raeburn knew his own mind. It was superfluous of Tonley to say to the youth, "Never paint anything except you have it before you."

That was Raeburn's method always. Fancy subjects, landscapes, heroic painting did not tempt him. He worked regularly at portraits; he was a master of breadth and characterization; his color is rich, his drawing is impeccable. Briefly, a good Raeburn is about as good, within limits, as a portrait can be. Raeburn was as unsentimental as a bowie of powder. He found for himself and formed his style before his first visit to Rome in 1785, at the age of 29. He was sufficient unto himself. At 64 years old he wrote to Wilkie from the gray metropolis of the North, where he was born, where he died, pleading for news of what was going on among artists, "for I do assure you I have as little communication with any of them as if I were living at the Cape of Good Hope." America has now discovered Raeburn, and the Scotsmen there are eager for his portraits.

Preserving Head of Old Cab Horse.

An old cab horse, sold for the bullring in Spain when his usefulness was deemed over, was saved by three different bulls before he finally collapsed, so great was his courage and nerve, and now is to have his head preserved and hung up in the Bull Fighting Club.

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The eyes of a frog, when exposed to the light of a candle, will generate an electric current easily measured on a galvanometer.

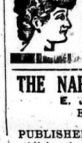
Hospitals Run by Women.

Two famous London (England) hospitals have no men servants at the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital, which is staffed entirely by women, there is seven lady surgeons, while the South London Hospital has twelve.

Manitoba's Good Roads.

The Province of Manitoba has expended $7,645,591 on good roads since the incorporation of the province, according to a return by the Hon. W. R. Clubb, Minister of Public Works.

Cook's Regulating Compound



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E. J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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We wouldn't say that Wrigley's has a place at the wedding ceremony, but in times of stress or when you have a trying ordeal to face—use Wrigley's new DOUBLE MINT—it's real Peppermint.

After Every Meal

WRIGLEY'S

DOUBLE MINT GUM

The old maids wept over him.

maids wept over him, and Miss Prissy told him to be a good boy and work hard

(Continued on page 7)

Gyproc Wall Board

"Wall Plaster Casts in Sheets"

An interior finish for Walls and Partitions ready for decoration.

For Sale by—

Robert Light

Lumber and Millwood

Telephone 53. Napanee, Ont.

PARTNERS OF THE TIDE

(Continued from page 6)

once a week at least. Miss Tempy said: "Remember, Bradley, you're an Allen now, and you must live up to the family. Oh, Prissy, don't it seem jest like it used to when father was goin' on a voyage? Bradley's growin' to look so like him."

And the sisters went into the house to cry together.

CHAPTER VI.

THE Thomas Doane, seen from the wharf in the faint light of the street lamp, was a mere shape of blackness, with masts like charcoal marks against the sky and a tangle of ropes running up to meet them. The windows of the after deckhouse were illuminated, however, and as Bradley and the captain stepped from the wharf to the rail and from that to the deck a man came up the companionway from the cabin and touched his hat.

"Howdy, cap'n?" he said. "Glad to see you back. Everything runnin' smooth down home?"

"Yup," answered the skipper; "smooth as a smelt. How's it here?"

"Shipshape," was the reply.

"Brad," he said, "this is Mr. Bailey, the first mate. He'll be your boss, next to me, after tomorrer. Mr. Bailey, this is a new hand. He hasn't exactly shipped yet, so you needn't break him in tonight unless your conscience troubles you too much."

The mate held out a hand like a ham covered with red sole leather, and Bradley shook it fearfully.

That night Bradley slept in the second mate's room off the cabin, but it was understood that hereafter he was to bunk forward with the crew. The next morning the captain took him up to a store on Commercial street, where a sailor's bag was purchased, for, so the skipper said, nobody but a landlubber took a trunk to sea. It must be either a chest or a bag, and the chest would come later on. Bradley transferred such of his belongings as the captain deemed necessary from the trunk to the bag, and the trunk itself was stored in the wharfinger's office until its owner should call for it some time in the future.

The second mate, a thin young man, with hair and face both a flaming red, came on board in the morning, and the crew were already there. Then a tug took the Thomas Doane in tow and pulled her out of the dock and around to another wharf, where she was to receive her cargo of lumber. And from the moment when the tug's hawser was attached Bradley began to understand what Captain Titcomb had meant by some advice which he gave the previous night.

It was "Here, boy, stand by to take a hand with that rope," or "You, boy—what's your name—git a bucket and swab up that mess on the deck. Lively! D'you hear?" The cook was a little Portuguese, and he delighted to haze his new assistant, so when, at 9 o'clock or so, Bradley tumbled into his bunk in the smoke reeking fo'castle he was tired enough to drop asleep even in the midst of yarns and profanity.

The lumber in the hold and on the decks, was at last on board, and one morning the schooner, with all sail set, passed Minot's light, bound for New York. The afternoon of that day was a dismal experience for Bradley. The Thomas Doane was heavily loaded, and she swashed and wallowed through the good sized waves with a motion so entirely different from the easy, cheerful through Long Island sound. They passed schooners of all shapes and sizes, loaded till the decks were scarcely above water or running light and high in ballast. Some were big schooners, with lines like those of a yacht, and clumsy old tubs, with dirty sails, with patches varying from new white to a dingy gray plastered all over them.

Night, and they were fast to a big wharf, with lights all about them; lights piled, row after row, up to meet the stars; lights fringing the river or moving up and down and across it; lights in the arching curve of the bridge that Bradley had seen so often in pictures; whistles sounding, bells ringing, distant shoutings and the never ceasing undercurrent of hum and roar that is New York, breathing steadily and regularly.

Oh, the following morning Captain Titcomb left the schooner and after an hour or two returned with a sharp eyed man, who smelled contrarily, although the wharf signs shouted in six inch letters that no smoking was allowed, and who said little, but looked a great deal. Bradley learned from the cook, who had been along before her front and, having fallen in with some friends, was mellow and inclined to be confidential, that the sharp eyed man was Mr. Williams, the junior member of the firm that owned the Thomas Doane and half a dozen other coasters.

Mr. Williams and the captain had a long conversation in the cabin, and after it was over the skipper was a bit out of temper, and his orders were unusually crisp and sharp.

On one memorable evening the captain, having previously whispered to Bradley to put on his "Sunday togs," sent the boy on an errand to a cigar store near the wharf and told him to wait there "for further orders." In a little while he himself came into the store, commanded Bradley to "lay alongside and say nothin'," and then he walked briskly across the city to the elevated railway station. Then they rode uptown, had a six course dinner in a marvelous restaurant, where an orchestra played while you ate, and then went to the theater to see a play called "The Great Metropolis." It was all real to Bradley, and he thrilled, wept and laughed alternately.

On the way down in the elevated he said, with a whimsical smile, "Brad, I calkilate if the old maids knew I took you to the theater they'd think you was slidin' a greased pole to perdition, wouldn't they?"

Bradley smiled also as he answered: "Yes, sir, I guess they'd think if you did it 'twas all right."

Captain Titcomb grinned, but he made no comment on the reply. All he said was: "Well, Orham's Orham, and New York's New York, and the way things looks depends consider'ble on which end of the spyglass you squint through. Anyhow, p'raps you'd better not put this cruise down in the log."

But Bradley did put it down in the log—that is to say, he wrote a full account of this the greatest evening of his life, in his next letter to the sisters. His habit of scrupulous honesty still clung to him, and he did not evade or cover up. If he did a thing it was done because he thought it right, and other considerations counted for little.

Occasions like the theater trip were few and far apart. For the most part Captain Titcomb was skipper and Bradley was the "hand." With every voyage, sometimes to Portland, to Portsmouth, to Boston, and, of course, to New York, the boy learned new things about his chief officer and to understand him better.

He learned why it was that the captain received so many presents and was considered such a "slick article." His acquaintance among seafaring men and shipowners was large, and he was always ready to do "little favors." Sometimes a captain just in from a foreign cruise had hidden away two or three pieces of silk or jewelry, or even, in one case, a piano, that were intended for gifts to the folks at home and to the cost of which the custom house duty would be an uncomfortable addition. Then Captain Titcomb visited that ship, purely as a social function, and when he came away the jewelry or silk came with him. In the piano affair it was bribery pure and simple, with the addition of a little bullying of an inspector who had made a few slips before that the captain knew of. Petty smuggling like this Captain Titcomb did not consider a sin worth worrying about. There was a smack of adventure in it and the fun of "taking chances."

Then, as a bargainer and a driver of sharp trades with shipping merchants and others the captain was an expert. He liked, as he said, to "dicker," and, besides, he was always on the lookout to further the interests of his owners. Looking out for the owners was his hobby and explained in a measure why Williams Bros. were willing to pay him more than they paid their other skippers.

He was a "driver" with his crews, and every particle that was in the rickety Thomas Doane he got out of her. He was easy so long as a man obeyed orders, but at the slightest hint of anything things happened.

The Thomas Doane passed and repassed Cape Cod on her short voyages, and Bradley, with every trip, learned more of the sea. He was seventeen in May, at the end of his three months he went home for a week's stay, but he had already made up his mind to return to the schooner again. Captain Titcomb had said that he was pleased with him and hinted at a steady rise in wages and promotion later on. He was earning his living now—it cost little to live in and he sent home a few dollars to the old maids every now and then.

His first home coming was a great event. The supper that first night was almost equal in the amount of food on the table to that served on Thanksgiving at the New York restaurant. In fact, Bradley, released from salt junk and fo'casstle grub, ate so much that he suffered with the nightmare afterward, so dismally that the alarmed sisters pounded on his chamber door, and Miss Tempy insisted that what he needed was a dose of "Old Dr. Thomas' Discovery"—her pet panacea for all ills, and a "nice hot cup of pepper tea."

There was no music during the meal, but the old maids talked continuously. The humming and the shawl industry were bringing in much money, though not yet what Miss Tempy anticipated, and they had had a windfall in the shape of a contribution from the Sampson fund.

"We're all the children father had," said the older sister. "The letter said that there was money due us from the fund and that we was entitled to so much every year, most a hundred dollars. Now, I know, Brad, that's a right thing, but I thought 'twas charity for poor people, and Tempy and me have got to livin' on charity—not yet, I hope But it seems, 'cordin' to the letters I had from 'em, that the money b'longed to us, so"—

"So we get a check every once in a while," cried Miss Tempy. "And how they knew and wrote jest at this time it's miraculous, that's what it is—miraculous!"

Bradley thought of his conversation with Captain Titcomb and the affair did not seem so miraculous, but he knew the captain would not wish him to explain and so said nothing.

CHAPTER VII.

THE Thomas Doane was at her dock in New York, and Bradley, now twenty years old and a "sure enough" second mate, was on her deck watching the foremast hands clearing up the coal dust that begrimed everything. The schooner had carried coal for over a year now, and her latest occupation had not improved her appearance. She was old enough before and patched and mended enough, and to turn her into something of herself was final humiliation. Captain Titcomb had felt it keenly, and his disgust was outspoken.

"Well, by crimustee!" he had ejaculated when his driftwood rebellion had been smothered by another raise in salary. "I used to dream about commandin' a Australian clipper some day or 'nother, but I never dreamed that I'd come to be skipper of a coal hod, and a secondhand, rusted out coal hod at that. Blessed if it ain't enough to make the old man—dad, I mean—turn over in his grave! Come on, Brad. Let's go to the theater. I want to forget it."

The captain had another project in his mind, a sort of secret hobby he hinted at every little while, but never told. These hints usually followed a particularly disagreeable trip or when the rickety Thomas Doane behaved even more like a cantankerous old maid than was her wont. Then, when he and Bradley were alone, the captain would make them a day dream of sayi:

"Brad, I git more and more sick of this bein' somebody else's errand boy every minute. Some of these days I'm goin' to take a whack at somethin' different, and I have a notion what it will be first. I guess likely I may ask you to come in with me. I b'lieve it's a good notion. Tell you 'bout it some day."

But he never did.

Bradley had grown tall and broad during his term of cruising. He had learned self reliance, and his voice had a masterful ring. When he went back to Orham nowadays the old maids took special delight in having him escort them to church, and Miss Tempy's eyes during the sermon were often fixed upon the broad back of the minister. The money that he sent the sisters amounted to something now, and he had an account in the savings bank.

Now, as he stood by the rail with his hands in his pockets, he heard a step on the wharf behind him and turned to see Captain Titcomb jump from the stringpiece, catch the shroud and swing aboard. The captain's usually good natured face had a scowl on it, and he was plainly not happy.

Bradley touched his cap. "How are things going up at the office?" he asked.

"Plumb to the devil," was the short reply. Then, glancing up at the young man's face and looking hurriedly away again, he added: "Come aft. I want to talk to you."

Seated in the dingy cabin, the captain took a cigar from his pocket, bit off the end with a jerk and smoked in great puffs. Bradley waited for him to speak. The skipper's ill humor and obvious discontent had come upon him the afternoon of the day the Thomas Doane reached port and had grown steadily worse. Each morning Captain Titcomb had spent at the office of Williams Bros., and when he returned to the schooner he had done little but smoke, scowl and pace the deck. The second mate was worried, but he asked no questions.

"Brad," said the captain, looking at the shabby carpet on the cabin floor, "we're goin' to have a new mate."

Bradley was surprised. "Is Mr. Bailey going to leave?" he asked. The old first mate had been as much a part of the Thomas Doane as her mainmast.

"They're given him the Arrow, the new schooner. He's goin' to run her."

"Why, why, Cap'n Ezra, I thought she was promised to you."

"I thought so, too, but I missed my reckonin', it seems. Williams—he ain't half the man his father was—he wants me to wait till the other one, the four master, is off the ways. Then I can have her if I want her."

"But she won't be ready for six months, though I guess from what I hear she'll be worth waiting for. Who'll have the old Doane then?"

Captain Titcomb crossed his legs, but didn't answer. Instead he asked: "Brad, how would you like to sail under Bailey? You and him got 'long first rate. I wouldn't wonder if I could git you the second mate's berth on the Arrow. She's bran new and she'll be a tine bonanza. And he kicked a stateroom door with emphasis.

Bradley did not hesitate. "I guess if you can stand the hencoop I can," he said decidedly. "I'd rather wait with you, thank you."

"I don't know's you'd better. Look here." And for the first time the captain raised his eyes. "You know I wouldn't try to influence you if 'twasn't for your own good. I honestly think 'twould be better for you if you sailed on the Arrow."

"But why?"

"And other folks don't think any the less of 'em for it. Well, I've laid my course, and I'll stick to it till all's blue. Brad, I will you as a favor to me, chuck up your berth here and ship 'board the Arrow?"

"Cap'n Ez, if you want me to quit this packet you'll have to heave me overboard; that's all!"

The skipper looked at the clear eyes and the firm jaw of the young six footer opposite.

"That goes, does it?" he asked.

"That goes, Cap'n Ez, you've been the best friend I've ever had, except the old maids and—maybe one more. I don't want you to think I'm not ambitious, because I am. I'm just as anxious to make something of myself as you can be to have me, but I've made up my mind, and, for the present, anyway, while you sail a vessel I sail with you—unless you really order me to quit."

The older man hesitated. "Well," he said after two or three puffs at the cigar, "I ought to order it p'raps, but I'll be hanged if I can. Brad Nickerson, I think as much of you as I would of a son, and your good opinion is worth—I don't b'lieve you know how much it's worth to me. But— Shake hands, will you?"

Puzzled and troubled, Bradley extended his hand, and the captain clasped it firmly in his own. For a moment it seemed that he was about to say something more, but he did not. Giving the mate's hand a hearty squeeze, he dropped it and settled back in his chair, smoking and apparently thinking hard. As he thought his lips tightened, and the scowl settled more firmly between his brows. Five minutes of silence, and then the skipper threw the half finished cigar into a corner and rose to his feet. His tone was sharp, and there was no trace of the feeling so recently displayed.

"We sail tomorrer mornin'," he said, tapping to the companion ladder. "The new first mate'll be here tonight. He's name's Burke."

Bradley did not move. "Just a minute, Cap'n Ez," he faltered. "You—you don't mean—it's none of my business, sir. Well, you understand. I guess. You're in trouble somehow and can use that. Won't you let me help you out?"

(Continued next week.)

GET IT AT
WALLACE'S

Here and There

Two million dollars will be spent in the Central Manitoba mineral area on development work this year. Improved navigation and highways into this district are included in the activities of the Mining Bureau of the Winnipeg Board of Trade.

The development of the muskrat industry five miles south of Revelstoke will be proceeded with further this year, 160 acres having already been fenced in by the Revelstoke Muskrat Fur Breeders' Association.

Eight hundred families from Switzerland are expected to come out to Western Canada to settle during 1927, according to the Acting Consul for Switzerland. There are thriving Swiss settlements in Notre Dame de Lourdes, Manitoba, and Stettler, Alberta.

Canada's chemical industry recorded an increase of $7,500,000 in sales during 1926, as compared with the previous year, according to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. Production by 533 plants was valued at $120,369,518, as against $113,000,000 for the previous year.

Ottawa's memorial carillon, to be installed in the new Victory Tower at the Capital, arrived in Canada May 20 on the Canadian Pacific steamship "Balfour." The huge bells, weighing in all about 53 tons, will constitute one of the finest sets in the world. They were cast at the Croydon bell foundry in England.

Word comes from the Engineering Department of the Canadian Pacific Railway that when the Banff Springs Hotel opens on May 15th, for the summer season, the north wing of the building will have been completed and ready for occupancy. Next year at the same date the south wing will have been rebuilt, when there will be at the service of the public an hotel of over 600 rooms and baths, as well as its other splendid accommodations.

The Fukuoka Wireless Receiving Station, claimed to be the largest of its kind in the East, was opened recently. All wireless messages from America and Europe will now be received there. Work on this Japanese station was begun last August costing over $300,000. The station is equipped with a transmitting apparatus which, however, will not be used except in an emergency.

During the year 1926 a total of $45,563,000 was spent on construction and maintenance of all provincial highways in Canada, according to computation made by A. W. Campbell, Dominion Highway Commissioner. Of this total $29,585,000 was spent on construction and $15,987,000 on maintenance of highways already constructed. The total mileage of roads involved in this aggregate expenditure was 46,824.

Representing fifty Nebraskan families who wish to settle in Canada, a delegation headed by Frank Stewart, of Nort Platte, Nebr., conferred with C. A. Van Scoy, superintendent of the colonization department of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company at Winnipeg in order to obtain details regarding suitable tracts of land. The land seekers will go to Calgary with a representative of the department and inspect land in that vicinity. The group proposing to emigrate has ample capital, it is said.

The Folksong and Handicraft Festival held at the Chateau Frontenac, Quebec, May 20-22, under the auspices of the National Museum of Canada and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, proved to be perhaps the most outstanding musical event ever held in Canada. Many persons from all parts of the continent gathered at the Ancient Capital to hear the old songs of French Canada and to see the handicraft products that are still produced to a large extent in Quebec despite the modern methods general in almost every other part of the continent.

The Use of Soap.

Disinfectants like carbolic are rapidly being replaced by the constant application of plain soap and water to persons, rooms, and appliances. Soap and water do their work by the simple method of removing all dirt—the material in which germs thrive—and, in fact, when they work in co-operation they are perfect disinfectants.

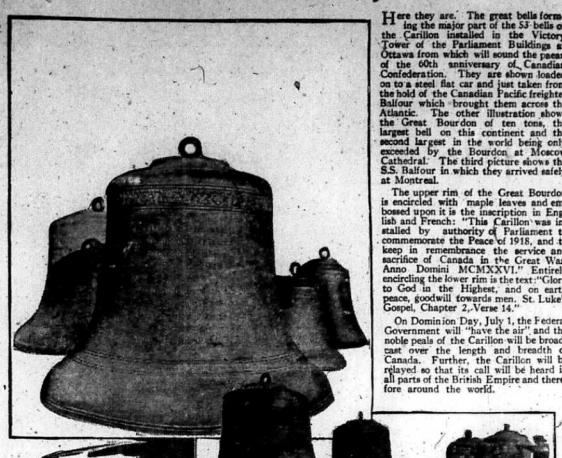
Some authorities, said a doctor recently, have more or less abandoned the usual disinfection after the recovery of a patient, and simply substituted the constant use of soap and water for the household, and for infected clothing.

Great destruction is worked among germs, particularly the typhoid bacilli by soap that contains coconut oil, which, for investigation, making the effect of hot water and common soap on certain types of germs have demonstrated its efficiency as a germicide.

The Loud Chord.

A £15,000 organ that, but for several sound-deadening devices, could be heard all the way from Piccadilly Circus to the Law Courts has been installed at the Plaza Kinema, London. It claims to rank with the great cathedral organs and also plays a concealed piano and all the instruments of a symphony orchestra, as well as barking like a dog, mewing like a cat, and imitating the shaking of a cocktail.

The Carillon of the Victory Tower



Here they are. The great bells forming the major part of the 53 bells of the Carillon installed in the Victory Tower of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa from which will sound the peals of the 60th anniversary of Canadian Confederation. They are shown loaded on to a steel flat car and just taken from the hold of the Canadian Pacific freighter Balfour which brought them across the Atlantic. The other illustration shows the great bourdon of ten tons, the largest bell on this continent and the second largest in the world being only exceeded by the Bourdon at Moscow Cathedral. The third picture shows the S.S. Balfour in which they arrived safely at Montreal.

The upper rim of the Great Bourdon is encircled with maple leaves and embossed upon it is the inscription in English and French: "This Carillon was installed by authority of Parliament to commemorate the Peace of 1918, and to keep in remembrance the service and sacrifice of Canada in the Great War. Anno Domini MCMXXVI." Entirely encircling the lower rim is the text: "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, goodwill towards men. St. Luke's Gospel, Chapter 2, Verse 14."

On Dominion Day, July 1, the Federal Government will "have the air" and the noble peals of the Carillon will be broadcast over the length and breadth of Canada. The Carillon will be relayed so that its call will be heard in all parts of the British Empire and therefore around the world.

THE STORY OF RICHARD DOUBLEDICK

(Continued from page 3)

ed for dinner when Mrs. Taunton spoke to him outside the door asking if he could give her the letter he had brought from Mary. "His mother, above all," the captain thought. "How shall I tell her?"

"You will form a friendship with your host, I hope," said Mrs. Taunton, who, as he hurriedly admitted, "that will last for life. He is so true hearted and so generous, Richard, that you can hardly fail to esteem one another. If he had been spared"—she kissed, not without tears, the locket in which she wore his hair—"he would have appreciated him with his own magnanimity and would have been truly happy that the evil days were past which made such a man his enemy."

She left the room, and the captain walked first to one window, whence he could see the dancing in the garden, then to another window, whence he could see the smiling prospect and the peaceful vineyards.

"Spirit of my departed friend," said he, "is it through these better thoughts are rising in my mind? Is it thou who hast shown me, all the way I have been drawn to meet this man, the blessings of the altered time? Is it thou who hast sent thy stricken mother to me, to stay my anger with her? It from thee the whisper comes that this man did his duty as thou didst—and as I did, through thy guidance, which has wholly saved me here on earth—and that he did no more?"

He sat down with his head buried in his hands and, when he rose up, made the second strong resolution of his life —that neither to the French officer nor to the mother of his departed friend, nor to any other, while either of the two was living, would he breathe what only he knew. And when he touched that French officer's glass with his own that day at dinner he secretly forgave him in the name of the Divine Forgiver of injuries.

The time has since come when the son of Major Richard Doubledick and the son of that French officer, friends as their fathers were before them, fought side by side in one cause, with their respective nations, like long divided brothers whom the better times have brought together, fast united.

(The End.)

NO APPLE CLASSES.

Extremely Difficult to Arrange Basis of Competition.

The apple classes in the British Empire Section of the Imperial Fruit Show are to be discontinued. This is the action that has been open to competition from England and Canada. It was with great regret that the decision was arrived at by the general committee, as this section has undoubtedly constituted one of the most attractive features of the show, and one which has been generally valuable to Canada in that it

Warmer Days are on Their Way

What to Buy in Summer Frocks

Frocks of Crepe-de-chine Express Their Chic in Prints--Priced $24.50 each

Paris says Prints for Summer—and Prints are here in a wide variety of patterns and designs. They come in small, neat geometric and small flowered effects and cleverly prove how smart a frock may be and still be inexpensive. One and two-piece effects in summer colors.

Double-Warp Silk Broadcloth Dresses Express Summer Smartness in Many Ways

The Dresses themselves are their own best advertisement. We could use paragraphs in extolling them and then fall short.

Our present assemblage is all-inclusive, featuring styles and sizes for Women and Misses' wear. Tailored effects are best and are obtained by artistic uses of pleats, tucks, panels, pockets and buttons.

White is the outstanding color.

Priced from $10.95 to $19.50.

Attractive New Summer Hats

Expressing the Newest Shapes and the Good Colors for Summer

The larger hat with its wide, drooping brim, has been officially accepted for Summer. It looks particularly charming when worn with a dress of Printed Crepe or Georgette. It possesses a dignified air and is quite the proper thing to wear at afternoon teas, for calling or at any formal function. Flowers and ribbons create becoming trimmings.

Displayed in a splendid range of colors.

Miss McCullough will be in our Corset Department Monday and Tuesday, June 13-14

To Fit Nemo Foundation Garments

Miss McCullough comes to us very highly recommended as an expert in fitting foundation garments of every type. We welcome the assistance of Miss McCullough because she will bring with her the very newest thoughts in corsetry.

The Summer season is here, with its days of holidaying, hence you will want foundation garments that will give the very utmost in comfort and service.

Our present stock of Nemo Corsets and Brassieres is complete in all their newer creations, especially designed to meet your summer-time requirements.

Miss McCullough will gladly assist you in making proper selections.

We invite your inspection.

$25.00 Plain and Fancy Blue Suits, Double Breasted Models

It is not necessary to say they are better than anybody else's. Only necessary to say that they are just as good as double breasted suits can be.

Tailored in special grades of fine Worsteds and Serges, in plain and fancy Blues, intended for men who know that conservation means style.

You'll be agreeably surprised when you see these Suits priced at $25.00.

May also be had in single breasted, two and three-button models.

Men, Start the Season with the New Winning Styles in Summer Weight Straws

The new Straws are ready Men—ready with the greatest variety that this store has ever attempted. Here they are in all the smart, new braids that come moulded with a jolly tilt that distinguishes them as master hats of the better grades. They come finished with linings and ribbons which further establishes these hats of ours as the most advanced achievement in elegance.

Priced $1.50, $1.75, $2.00 and $2.50.

2 Dozen Only
Men's Sennet Sailors, $1.00 Each

These are excellent quality in good smart shapes. All are finished with Black Bands.

Summer Silk Hosiery $1.50 Pair

Pure thread silk Hose 'Harvey' make, made on spring needle machines, the silk used in making this stocking is extra quality, which means good wear. Silk to the top, with mercerized lisle hem, spliced heels and toes, double silk sole. Colors Hoggar, Riveria, Atmosphere, Pongee, Chérie, Silver, Platinum.

New Sport Ties for Summer Wear

Windsor and four-in-hand Ties to wear with Jersey Dresses, sport or Middy Blouses. New patterns in checks, plaids, stripes and dots.

Flat Crepe Ties in large plaid patterns. Colors Brown and Orange, Blue and Red, Blue and Sand, White, Sand and Blue, White, Blue and Red. Price $1.50 each.

Sand, Peach and Blue ground, with Red plaid, price $1.25 each.

Black with White dots, White with Black dots, price $1.00 each.

Floral stripe patterns, in shades of Sand, Tan, Blue, Rose, price 75c. each.

Four-in-hand Ties, Black and White check, large plaids in shades of Rose, Canary, Powder Blue, price $1.00 each.

Plain Crepe-de-chine Windsor Ties, colors Black, White, Rose, Blue, Helio, Cinnamon, Red, Green, price 50c. each.

Now its a New Sport Silk Fabric Waiting to be Viewed

Jubilee Check Silk, 36 in. wide, $1.95 yd.

Something different, something new, is the latest arrival in our silk department, shown in tiny check. Six colors to choose from, Powder Blue and White, Gooseberry Green and White, Black and White, Castillian Red and White, Tan and White, Apricot and White.

Crepe Matalasse 38 inches wide Regular $2.50 for $1.48 Yard

Here again we call your attention to a special weave in six beautiful colorings. Material is soft in texture, silk and cotton mixture. Self colors in stripe and plaid effects shown in weave. Shades shown are as follows: Tan, Brown, Powder Blue, Rose Tint Beige, Grecian Rose, Gooseberry Green.

CANADIAN DEPARTMENT-STORES LIMITED

Successors to THE ROBINSON CO., LIMITED

STORE No. 10

Annual celebration at Napanee Dominion Day. Four horse races, two baseball games, and other sports.

Trinity Sunday School Anniversary, Sunday, June 12th. Special preacher, Rev. Frank Langford, B.A., of Toronto.

On Thursday evening the choir of Trinity Church presented Miss Muriel Joyce, who has been a valued member of the choir, with a piece of silver, in view of her approaching marriage.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's Church purpose having a booth each band night, in the Harvey Warner Park, beginning June 10th. Ice Cream, Candy, etc., will be served.

The public are cordially invited to the opening June meeting of St. Andrew's W.M.S., on Monday, June 13th, at 8 p.m., in the Sunday School room. Miss Templeton, of Belleville, is to be the speaker, and there will also be special Coniederation addresses.

The County Baseball League got off to a good start Wednesday afternoon when a large crowd was present to witness the first game of the season, Adolphustown vs. Napanee. Four teams are entered in this leage, consisting of Newburgh, Odessa, Adolphustown and Napanee, and the fans are assured of witnessing some good games this summer. The initial game on Wednesday at the Driving Park was a splendid one for an opener and the visitors won out by the close score of 5-0.

The death took place at his late residence, Centre street, on Friday, of Mr. Daniel Ryan, in his seventy-first year. The deceased, who was particularly well known aid highly respected, had been ill only a short time, and his death was entirely unexpected. For many years he resided near Erinsville, removing to Napanee seven years ago. Besides his sorrowing wife he leaves to mourn his loss four daughters: Mrs. John Wheeler, Napanee; Mrs. Henry McCullough, Lonsdale; Mrs. George Cassidy, Stoco; and Mrs. J. Foster, Buffalo.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear than to give the sacrifice of fools, for they consider not that they do evil. Be not rash with thy mouth and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God; for God is in heaven and thou upon earth, therefore let thy words be few." Eccles. 5-1, 2; "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one's birth." Eccles. 7-1; "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. 11-1.

Jesus calls us, by thy mercies, Saviour, make us hear Thy call, Give our hearts to thine obedience Serve and love Thee best of all.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Every phase of industry will be represented at the 1927 Canadian National Exhibition.

In this week's issue of the Napanee Express the Town of Napanee is offering for sale a number of Debentures, bearing 5 per cent interest. If you have money to loan, this is a good safe investment. The advertisement will be found on page four.

A quiet wedding was celebrated in Napanee on Saturday, when Miss Muriel A. Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Joyce, was united in marriage to Mr. Arnold W. Wylie, of Brampton. Rev. W. R. Tanton performed the ceremony in Trinity church in the presence of the immediate relatives.

WILTON.

The June meeting of the Wilton Women's Institute was held in the Grange Hall, Wilton, on Tuesday last. This change of date was due to the class, which began on June 6th.

With the president in the chair the meeting opened with the Institute Carol, followed by prayer in unison. The roll call was responded to by paying of membership fees and the giving out of our yearly programs.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved, also the yearly report, and the list of officers and directors was read. Motions, that our small bills be paid and that each one get a community song book for Institute use, were made and carried.

A good paper on current events was given by Miss Eleanor Emberley. A paper, "The Biggest Assets of the Farm," was given by the Secretary, Mrs Archie Simmons. A lunch committee and a social committee were appointed.

The officers and directors are as follows: President, Mrs. W. C. Snider; 1st vice, Mrs. O. Henderson; 2nd vice, Mrs. R. Babcock; secretary, Mrs. A. Simmons; treasurer, Mrs. B. Ruttan; directors, Mrs. S. Snider, Mrs. Clarence Babcock, Mrs. B. Ruttan and Mrs. S. Simmons; pianist, Mrs. Rose Storms; assistant pianist, Miss Ethel Babcock; sick committee, Mrs. Byron Ruttan (convenor), Mrs. Rose Storms, Mrs. Guy Simmons, Miss Eleanor Emberly, Mrs. Walter Shibley; district directors, Mrs. Clarence Babcock; lunch committee, Misses Lucila Peters, Rhoda Connors and Margaret Frink; social and strangers' committee, Mrs. Guy Simmons and Mrs. Sperry Shibley; representatives to the district annual meeting, Mrs. Stuart Simmons, Miss Luella Peters, Mrs. B. Storms and Mrs. Guy Simmons.

On Monday, June 6th, a first aid and home nursing class, under the instruction of Miss M. E. Roberts, Toronto, commenced, it being held in the Grange Hall, except June 6th, which was an evening class.

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Mrs. M. E. Parks is visiting her sister, Mrs. McNeil, in Toronto.

Miss K. Aylsworth is visiting friends in Toronto.

Miss Adams is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adams.

Miss Myrtle McFaul is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Amey, Buffalo, N.Y.

Miss Ruth Thompson spent last week with friends in Oshawa and Toronto.

Miss Alma Thompson attended the W.M.S. Convention in Pembroke last week.

Master Allan Walters left last week to take a position on the Steamer Toronto for the summer.

Miss Beatrice Baughan has been appointed organist of St. Andrew's United Church, succeeding Mrs. Dennis, who resigned to move to Brockville.

Messrs. G. A. Wiseman, Alpine Woods, and Mr. Rankin attended the United Church conference in Oshawa last week.

Mrs. John Cuthbert, of Vancouver, B.C., is the guest of her brother, Mr. M. P. Husband, Empey Hill, after an absence of twenty-eight years.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Vanalstine and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cousins, Buffalo, N.Y., spent a few days last week with relatives in Napanee.

MARRIAGES

Wylie—Joyce—At Trinity United Church, on Saturday, June 4th, 1927, by Rev. W. R. Tanton, Arnold W. Wylie, of Brampton, to Muriel A. Joyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Joyce, Napanee.

DEATHS

Buskard—At Napanee, on Friday, June 3rd, 1927, Walter Buskard, aged 78 years, 1 month.

Ryan—At Napanee, on Friday, June 3rd, 1927, Daniel Ryan, aged 71 years, 8 months.

Take Notice.

That the Wednesday Half-Holidays for the 1927 season start on Wednesday, June 1st, and continue to and including August 31st, 1927. Stores close at 12 o'clock noon.

Napanee Chamber of Commerce.

25-d

REDUCED FARES VIA ONTARIO CAR FERRY, COBOURG TO ROCHESTER, N.Y, AND RETURN

The Ontario Car Ferry Company have pleasure in announcing that new reduced fares will be in effect from Cobourg to Rochester and return for Season 1927.

The regular one month limit round-trip fare will be reduced from $6.76 to $6.09. In addition to this a new short limit round-trip fare of $3.50 will be placed in effect—tickets sold at this fare on Monday or Tuesday will be limited for return to the following Saturday, if sold Wednesday or Thursday, limited for return the following Monday, and if sold Friday, Saturday or Monday, limited for return to following Thursday.

These fares will be available during the 1927 Summer Season of scheduled navigation on advertised sailing days, that is to say, on Sundays, Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays; from May 28th to July 2nd, and September 8th to 29th, and every day July 3rd to Sept. 5th, except that the reduced one month limit fare will not become effective until June 21st. 27-b

PENALTIES IN PARLIAMENT.

Members Enjoy Much More Freedom Nowadays.

Despite the discipline enforced by the Whips of the various political parties, members of Parliament have much more freedom nowadays than was enjoyed in former times. They need not be present at the prayers with which every sitting opens, and incur no penalty if their attendance in the Commons is irregular. But in the time of Charles I. any member absent from prayers—he was deemed present if he came in before the final "Amen"—had to put a shilling in the poor box. That would be equivalent to about $3 to-day.

In 1647 it is on record that 150 members were absent from the House, and each was fined £20.

In 1631 the Speaker was late, and missed "prayers." When he appeared, a member rebuked him and expressed the hope that in future a better example would be set. Whereupon "Mr. Speaker did throw down twelve pence on the table."

Payment of members is by no means a new thing, although there was a long period when no salaries were paid. But a member was not paid for the days he was present in the House, or travelling to and from it. When the House was not sitting he received nothing.

Capt. Geo. V.C., the member for Bosworth, who seems to have decided to live in Australia, and who has not been in his place in the Commons for nearly a year, would once have been liable for penalties equal, at to-day's money values, to some £6,000.

THE NEW IDEA IN INDUSTRY

Many people do not realize that we are living in a new industrial era. You hear much talk about the freedom of the younger generation expressed by bobbed hair, short skirts, the discard of chaperonages, etc., but few realize that this is a huge wave of rebellion at conditions of life that thwart human happiness and the right to live one's own life that is slowly undermining and completely altering many of our institutions.

This is very noticeable in industrial plants. The terrible working conditions portrayed in some of Dickens' books have been duplicated in Canada. Large employers, with vision, have, however, realized the wisdom of creating the best possible working conditions for their employees.

Nowhere is this better exemplified than by the Salada Tea Company. It was the ideal of the Hon. P. C. Larkin, the founder of the Company, and now the Canadian High Commissioner in London, to create an atmosphere of order, cleanliness and beauty in his huge warehouses that would react on the workers, make them want to work well, and give them greater satisfaction out of life. His ideal has been admirably accomplished, we were told by one of the officials of the company.

Some of the employees welfare features adopted by the Salada Tea Company are followed by many other firms. Some are unique. The Salada Tea Company, in each of their warehouses, has a large and artistically furnished employees clubroom, and a spotlessly clean and efficient dining room. The community dining room and rest room creates a family atmosphere among the workers, which makes for better co-operation, contentment and a higher standard of work. All employees can also benefit by an exceedingly cheap group insurance plan.

There are a beautiful gardens behind the Toronto plant on King St., near Spadina Ave., where the employees bowl in the summertime, and shower baths are supplied in the basement.

Now that Canada is celebrating her 60th Anniversary as a nation, and since she is rapidly becoming one of the great industrial powers of the world, it is interesting to note that she is also in the forefront in providing ideal working conditions in many of her great industrial enterprises.

Thousands of people every year inspect the "SALADA" buildings. They are typical of what is now done along these lines.

FAMOUS AND UNKNOWN.

Lord Chief Justice Locked Up as a Lunatic.

There are many good stories told of famous men who have found themselves in amusingly awkward positions as a result of being unknown. The highest personage in the realm has been one of them.

The driver of a horse and cart in the Isle of Wight was urging his steed when Kin: Edward's motor car came along. The waggoner was nearly asleep, and the loud blowing of the horn awoke him with a shock. "Come along, guv-nor—plenty of room for that!" he shouted, little imagining that he was speaking to the King of England.

There is an odd story of a rural innkeeper who "locked up" the Lord Chief Justice of England for a madman. The chief was Lord Russell, and the inn was near Hereford, where he was holding the assize. Stopping at the house, Lord Russell asked for some bread and cheese, and afterwards, seeing some ham on the sideboard, ordered a portion of it. The landlord, declaring that the ham was for supper, refused to serve the customer, who thundered out, "Do you know who I am? I am the Lord Chief Justice of England."

Bolting out of the room and locking the door on the outside, the innkeeper ran to the police station up the road, and shrieked that a lunatic had escaped from the asylum! The police hurried back to the inn, carefully unlocked the door, and found—Lord Russell!

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